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MY NINETY-FIVE MILESTONES

By

MARGARET FLETCHER KENT PAINE

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THE AUTHOR AT NINETY-FIVE

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To My Children

FOREWORD

A YEAR or two ago, I asked one of my daughters what she would like to have me give her for a birthday present. I had always liked to give something that I had made, something into which I had worked loving thoughts. But of late years, it has been hard for me to do fine work.

In reply to my question, she said that she wished I would write out the interesting memories of my life. Write the incidents of my childhood, my girlhood, my young womanhood: all of which had been spent on an island of Lake Champlain. Then to write of my immigration to Iowa, my college days, my marriage and my life on the banks of the Missouri River in the days of Indian dangers. Afterwards to tell of other experiences as the wife of a Methodist minister in Iowa and of the coming of our little family. To follow this with the life on the farm as the children grew up and of the struggle to educate them. And finally, of our coming back to Fayette to live in the house my Mother left me, to grow old, to bury my husband and now to wait for the call to go Home.

It looked like a request for more than I could do. But time hangs heavy when a person has passed more than ninety milestones and cannot move around as she would like to do and the following story was written.

I have verified dates by reference to the family Bibles and to other historical records. My husband's journal, which he kept during our westward sojourn, has assisted

in telling of that part of my life. And, in visiting with my children and other friends, incidents of the later years have been recalled more clearly.

If this simple story of my life shall give pleasure or profit to those for whom it has been written or to any others who may chance to read it, my labors shall not have been in vain.

MY NINETY-FIVE MILESTONES

PART I.

MY ISLAND HOME

MY PARENTAGE

OUR home was on an island in Lake Champlain. This island contained two townships: South Hero, where my people lived, and Grand Isle. South Hero and North Hero, another island in the same county, were named after the two heroes, Ethan Allen and his brother Ira. These islands were given to them on account of their patriotic deeds and their wonderful work during the Revolutionary War.

In telling the story of my life, I must at least go back to the lives of my Father and Mother.

Father's name was Helmer Kent. He was taller than your Uncle William, his hair was light and his eyes were blue. He was an ambitious man, full of energy, a blacksmith by trade. He had very little education although his stepfather was a school teacher. I suppose that he went to school when he was a small boy and I have heard him say that he went part of two terms after that. But he kept his accounts and, though they might not have been kept after the manner of the accountants of today, I never heard of errors.

Father's people came from Holland but it is supposed that his ancestors had gone there from England during the religious persecutions as Kent is an English name. His mother spoke English with difficulty for she had been used to the Dutch language.

I remember that he used to tell that his mother was a firm believer in ghosts and had tried in vain to convince him of their reality. One night, when he was a little boy, after he had started for the cows, she put on a sheet and stood in the dusk near the path where he would return. When he saw her, he mistrusted something and called, "Is that you, Mother?" As she did not reply, he called again, "Is that you, Mother? If it is, you had better answer for if you don't, I am going to let this stone fly." She answered, "It's me."

Father married Hannah Allen in 1813. They had two children, Jane Ann and Helmer. Helmer, together with the mother died in June, 1815. I think they died in Plattsburg and were buried there.

After her mother's death, Jane Ann went to live with her grandmother Allen. But she was very lonesome and would stand at the gate and cry for her mother. So Mrs. Allen told Father that he must take her, which he did.

Father lived on the Island at the time of the Battle of Plattsburg in 1814. He was the captain of the home militia. They were not called out but Father and another officer took a small boat and crossed over. However, the battle was over when they arrived.

Mother also lived on the Island at that time and I have heard her tell of going, with others, to the top of the hill back of her home to watch the battle. Plattsburg can be seen from the Island. While they probably could not see

everything, they could see considerable. It must have been quite exciting for her.

It is stated that, when McDonough heard the British coming with their martial music, he got his ship ready. Then, calling his men together, he knelt down, asked God's aid and committed all to His care. As they arose, a cock flew up on the mast and crowed. The men considered it a good omen.

Father must have been captain for a long time. I remember once when I came home from school that he was drilling the men. I do not think that he wore an epaulet and sword as did your Father's Uncle Clinton.

A blacksmith in those days was very different from one now. Father made the horseshoes and nails besides shoeing the horses. He made axes and other farm tools. He liked to make things and he liked to make them nice. I think that we children got our taste for the beautiful from him. He made the hinges for the pews of the Church at Plattsburg and for the Congregational Church on the Island. He also made the spire on the top of the steeple in Plattsburg. He always wanted to do some nicely finished work in the way of shears and other household articles. But he was always too busy in his younger days and then he went blind and could do nothing of the kind.

Father loved the sports of the day. He was a good wrestler and jumper. At one time, he held the State record for the broad jump. Perhaps John's jumping and running ability dates back to him.

He was very prejudiced against playing cards. I have often heard him say, "Look at Uncle C——! He has always played cards with his boys and there isn't one of them good for anything." When he rented the hotel

and moved to the farm, he went so far as to have the man sign a paper stating that he would have no gambling in the house, and agreeing that if there was any, he would pay a fine of ten dollars. It was not much but in those days ten dollars meant more than it does now.

Later, Father married Samantha Fletcher. She was our Mother. She was a daughter of Issi Fletcher and Jenny Graham. Her grandfather, John Graham, fought in the Revolutionary War. He signed the Association Test in 1776 and afterwards served three years. He was then living at Hillsborough, New Hampshire, but came to South Hero in 1781.

Mother was tall and, when a girl, was very slender. She grew heavier as she grew older. Her hair was brown but it turned grey when she was very young. I never saw her without a lace cap and false hair in front. She always wore them for that was the custom among married ladies. Her eyes were blue.

Her mother died when she was quite young. For some reason, she and her stepmother did not get along very well. When she was sixteen, she went to live with her father's sister, Mrs. Eunice Davidson. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson were very kind to her. One day Mr. Davidson brought in a little lamb whose mother was dead and told her that she could have it if she would raise it. She did, and when she was married, she had quite a flock of sheep.

Mother was of strong character, a good woman, doing good where she could. She was naturally religious. She loved to see improvements going on and wanted her children to improve the opportunities that they had. I think Aunt Phebe was like her in a great many ways; especially

MY PARENTS

HELMER KENT AND WIFE SAMANTHA FLETCHER KENT

Copy of daguerreotypes taken about 1845

in wanting to see improvements going on, not only in her home but in the community.

She was a brave and courageous woman as she needed to be, living at that time. When we lived in the hotel, she had to be in charge a good deal of the time as Father was at his blacksmith shop near by. When the men got to making too much noise in the bar-room, she would go in and send them home. One night, two men who had had a little too much to drink, came to the door and knocked. They wanted Father to go to the bar-room and get them some more. Father told them that they had had enough. When they insisted, Mother got up and taking the stove poker, pushed Father back, stepped between him and the men, wielded the poker and bade them begone. They went.

Mother had lived in a hotel as a girl. Her father, Issi Fletcher had kept a tavern at the place now owned by Miss Clara Tracy. Grandfather's second wife died the year before Father built our hotel. That was why Mother knew how to manage so well, she had been used to it as a girl.

She was quite a horsewoman. Often she would ride or drive a horse that other women were afraid to handle.

Father and Mother had seven children: Munson; Harriet, who died when four; William; Phebe; Juliet; myself, Margaret; and Warren, who died when he was about eight.

MY CHILDHOOD

My birthday is recorded as December 14, 1835. I remember Mother saying that it was near midnight and

she was not sure just which day it was, but as William's was on December 14, they would call mine the same. We did not have birth certificates in those days.

The hotel where I was born and where we lived later, is still standing. It is called South Hero Inn and I am told that it is well filled with guests during the summer. Father built it in 1829, over one hundred years ago. I remember of hearing him tell that after he had built it, he found some men whittling the pillars of the porch. He painted the pillars and while they were still wet, threw sand on them. He said that stopped their whittling. When we visited South Hero in 1911, the pillars were still sanded. Not long after I was born, Father rented the hotel and we moved to the farm.

My first recollection was the day my little brother Warren was born. My two sisters and I were sent to a neighbor's home. On the way, there was a big rock that was of easy approach on one side but very steep on the other. I climbed to the top of the rock and was running back and forth when my brother William called for me to get off of the rock lest I should fall. Of course my sisters got me off. That was October 12, 1838. I was a little less than three years old.

William was always good to his sisters. I remember once when coming from school, a thunder storm came up. He took me on his back and hurried home. Another time when the roads were almost impassable, he came with his skates and a hand sled. Placing me on the sled, he skated home through the fields.

The spring after I was three years old, I commenced attending school. We were still living on the farm. I

THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN

SOUTH HERO INN

Erected by Helmer Kent in 1829

was so lonesome with my sisters away that Mother let me go.

We moved back to the hotel the spring after I was four. My brother Munson, who that winter had married Hannah Merriam, moved on the farm. I remember of visiting my brother while he lived there. They would always make a bed for me at the foot of their bed. Once, when I began to get homesick, my brother gave me a weasel skin to make my doll a muff. But when I got so homesick that I did not want to stay any longer, Munson took me home, riding horseback, with him in the saddle.

During the four years that we lived in the hotel, I made good progress at school. The schoolhouse then was arranged with seats on each side. The back seats were raised for the older students. One step down, and we had seats for the middle classes. Another step down, on the main floor were the seats for the little ones. That was where I sat. The boys sat on one side and the girls on the other.

I remember once, when a little girl, of the teacher turning around in his chair and saying, "The first one I catch whispering, I shall punish." The little girls who sat with me paid little heed to this and whispered away. Finally one of them turned to me and said, "How old are you?" I said, "Six", almost between my lips. But the teacher turned, and seeing me, sent me across the room to sit with some boys. That was too much and I cried, probably making more noise than I did saying "six".

When I began to study geography, my Father made a little desk for me with a drawer in front for my books. It was very nice and I took it when we moved back to the farm. Once during the first four years of my life,

I was lost and they couldn't find me. Finally, someone opened Mother's bedroom door and there I was. I had put the chairs in a row and I was pronouncing such words as "lady" and "shady" to them. I was having a spelling match. "Who spelled the words?" "Why, I suppose I did."

I became such a good speller that the teacher took me from the second class, where I was going to the head every night and wearing home the ten-cent piece which constituted the spelling trophy, and put me in the first class. My two sisters, Phebe and Juliet, and my brother William were in the class besides young men who were grown. It was a big class and I could not get to the head then. I felt so badly about it that my sister Juliet and another girl took their places below me. I remember one time I was standing by one of the big boys. I looked up at him, watching to see if he would miss. When the teacher said, "Next", I spelled it and went above him. How proud I was! But I have come to think that probably he missed it on purpose.

I was a good speller as far as old Webster went but I cannot be as sure of the new books. There are a good many new words that one of my age is not accustomed to. When we spelled, we always pronounced the syllables. I remember once that I had stood up the longest of anyone in the room and the teacher could not find a word in the speller that I could not spell. So he pronounced one not in our book, "salaeratus". I spelled it, "saleratus", and was down. Now they spell it the way I did.

We used to use saleratus in those days but probably old Mr. Webster did not know about it. I think some people, instead of using saleratus, used to pour water on ashes and

use the water when settled. It seems as if I had heard something about it. We always sold our ashes to a man who used them some way. I think to make pearlash.

I remember that Mother once lost one of her silver spoons. She hunted everywhere but could not find it. One day the ash man came around and asked her if she had lost one of her spoons. He said he had found one in the ashes with S.K. on it. She told him it was hers. Later she remembered that before going over to Aunt Susan's one day, she had put me down on the hearth with a dish of bread and milk. Probably the spoon had been brushed into the fireplace.

Another little story about ashes. It was the first day of April. Father and Mother were away and we wanted to play tricks on someone. We saw a Frenchman coming quite a distance away—Little Alek, as we called him. We did up some ashes in a paper making it look like a package from the store and the hired man went out beyond the house and dropped it. Little Alek came along, picked it up, looked at it, opened it, and finally making up his mind what it was, laid it down and went away. Toward night, one of the neighbors who was coming home from town, overtook Little Alek near the package. He asked Alek what it was. Alek said, "Ashen." "But it looks like pearlash." "No, no," said Alek, "it is ashen, ashen." The neighbor went on, but came in a few days later and told us about it.

"April Fools Day" was a great day with us children. But if one tried it on another day the cry would be, "Oh April Fool is past and you are the biggest fool at last."

MY LITTLE BROTHER

My little brother Warren, of whom I have spoken, was always a puny little fellow. He did not walk until he was three years old and never talked much. I remember his little shoes, not longer than a six months' baby's. I have been sorry that I did not keep them. But I had been sick and I thought if I were taken way, there would be that much more to handle over by those who knew nothing about them. And so, with other treasures, I burned them.

Little Warren loved to do what he had seen others do. We had some little cosset lambs one spring. He had seen our folks wash the sheep the spring before so he took those little lambs to the brook in the early spring and washed them. They all died but one or two. Yes, Mother whipped him for it. I remember of hearing her say after his death—he died in May—"I didn't know what else to do. I thought I ought to." Poor little fellow, he had one sympathizer at least, for I cried with him.

Shortly after he had gotten so he could walk, he chased a hog out of a puddle of mud and there Mother found him, his little head above the muddy water.

We had two kitchen chairs. One of them had been painted black and there were a few streaks left. We had a horse that was darker than the rest and nearly black. He always called the black chair "Jack" after the horse. The other, of course, was "the old mare". He would get the chairs down on the floor, harness them, get things that he could find, load up and come peddling. Brother William said he would go to the barn and make Jack stand

around, in a way he did not believe Jack would stand for from any of the grown-ups.

Mother tried to send him to school; but as he could not form sentences and spoke only one word at a time, it was of little use. I remember one teacher whipped him to make him say "w". But he could not do it. I sat there and cried. Some people were unkind enough to call him a fool. But he was no fool. He seemed to be bright enough but there was a physical defect somewhere. Maybe Mother worked too hard before he was born.

Warren lived only until he was about eight years old. There had been considerable scarlet fever through the town. Mother had been around helping to care for the sick. The first cases did not seem so malignant. One morning in May, he lay down on the floor. Mother went to him and finding he had a high fever, picked him up and put him to bed. Soon she sent for a physician. He lived only two days.

A little girl of about his age, who had been sick of the same disease for four weeks, died at the same time and their funerals were together. Mr. Wheeler preached the sermon from Matt. 2-18, "In Ramah there was a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning. Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted because they were not."

As their little coffins stood there side by side, we saw her pale, emaciated face freed from suffering, her eyes wide open as if while passing away she was looking into the spirit land where soon she would be at rest. While he, with some of the flush of the fever still on his cheeks, looked the picture of health as he lay, as if asleep, on his little bed of white, so peaceful, so quiet.

At home the imprint of his little hand was left in the soft plaster in the stairway where I could always see it when I went up the stairs.

Dear little Warren! Will you come and meet your "Marget" when she goes to that happy land where sickness and sorrow are not known? I am an old woman now, and you? Are you still the little boy I knew and loved?

MY GIRLHOOD

Father sold the hotel and moved back to the farm when I was eight years old. Our folks fixed up the old house so that it was more comfortable. They took out the old fireplace and put in a heater. Today, everyone wants a fireplace and they are nice. But if we had no way besides a fireplace to heat a place in winter, in this climate, we would be very glad to exchange it for a furnace, or even a stove.

Our cook stove at that time was a rotary, that is, the top was round; it had different sized griddles and had a crank by which we could turn the top of the stove around. In that way, we could put any griddle over the fire. If anything was getting too hot, we could move it away from the heat. The oven ran back under the stove next to the fire box.

For baking bread or for a large baking of any kind, there was an arrangement for the top of the stove that was not unlike the ovens that are used on oil stoves today. However, it was of necessity round and looked something like a large steamer, except that instead of the cover com-

ing to a point, it was flat on top. The cylinder of tin, that set on the stove, was fitted with a grate that was six or eight inches above the stove. Another cylinder set into the outer one and rested on the grate, thus making a double wall from the grate to the top of the outside shell. Another tin, similar in shape to a paper or parchment lamp shade, fitted into the outer one. This formed a partial cover that had a small opening in the top. This small opening was covered by a round, flat lid which could easily be removed to see how the bread was baking. Yes, it was an awkward affair but it had its good points.

Our next stove had an oven in the pipe just above the stove. Then we had an oven of sheet iron heated by a little sheet iron stove having a three-inch pipe. We set it up on the platform just back of the cook stove on the other side of the chimney. When we used that, we never missed the wood, for it took only a handful of brush to do a good sized baking. One could step out into the grove, pick up a few brush, break them up and that was all one needed.

Just after we moved back on the farm, I remember of seeing an old wheel at the head of the stairs. It was the remains of the dog churn. As I remember, it was six or eight feet across. I think the dog stood on it in some way and, by making the wheel turn, it would cause the dasher to move up and down. It was Munson's dog that used to churn and I have heard them tell that when the dog saw them getting ready to churn, he would try to sneak off and hide.

Another story they told about the dog, was, that one spring when they had been taking grain over to Platts-burg, it began to thaw so that the ice was too poor to go

over with the team again. But Father wished Munson to go over the next day to settle up matters. Munson hitched his dog to the sled and went over all right. When he reached Plattsburg, he turned the dog loose instead of taking him to the stable where he generally had left the horses with the dog to watch. But the dog had been used to staying at the stable and went there and lay down as usual. When Munson was ready to go home, he could not find his dog. It never occurred to him to look in the stable. So he had to walk home and drag his sled. The dog appeared soon after Munson reached home.

You see in the winter when the lake was frozen, we could go across to Plattsburg or to Burlington on the ice. But at other times, we would have to ferry when going to Plattsburg. When we went to Burlington, we would go over the Sand Bar bridge. Originally, the lake was shallow there. Finally a stock company was formed and stone was filled in making a good road. For a while, it was a toll bridge but about twenty years ago the State took it over. When Fred and Julia were there a year or two ago, it was being paved. It is a very pretty drive across on the Sand Bar bridge, but, oh, how the wind does blow there.

Soon after we left the hotel, Father's eyes began to trouble him. Cataracts began to form. It was just as they were first trying to operate for cataracts. We heard of a doctor who had been successful in breaking them up and he and Mother went to see him. Mother stood by and helped during the operation. There was no anesthetic given. He suffered so much that Mother said she thought she would never take him home alive. But the operation

was not successful and Father's eyes were worse than before.

I suppose the children of today would think that we did not have much to amuse us, but I think we were as happy then as they are now. The woods and hills on and near our place were beautiful. There were such pretty walks with wild flowers to pick and, if nothing else allured, we always had our play houses to amuse us. From the time we were able to help, we had certain little duties to perform but there was lots of time for the happy, carefree hours that children love.

One summer, Father took me to Milton to see the Animal Show. I do not know why he did not take Juliet. She had been very sick before that and perhaps she was not well enough to go. I think it was the first show of the kind that had ever been around there. There were elephants, camels and many other animals. I do not know but there were as many as there are at shows now. But there was no performing. We walked around and saw the animals and birds of gay plumage. Then we sat down and the elephants were brought out. A seat was put on one and he was told to lie down. Then the ladies were invited to ride. Father and the showman both urged me to ride but I wouldn't. Of course when I went home, I had a great deal to tell of my wonderful trip.

There was a long hay stack down at the barn near the sheep shed. Juliet, Warren and I would go down there and climb onto the shed. Then Juliet would climb onto the stack, I would boost Warren and Juliet would reach down and get hold of him and pull him up. Then I would follow. That stack was our elephant and we would go riding. There was a small stack of pea vines that we

would call our camel but I do not remember of trying to ride that.

Juliet used to find the hen's nests, for she was not afraid to climb over the barns even to the third story. Once she conceived the idea that there was a nest on top of a high stack. She climbed up some way but was afraid to come down. So she had to stay there until night when the men came in from the field. Then they helped her down.

Yes, our pleasures were simple ones but they entertained us and we were happy. I think sometimes that if children did not see so many things displayed, they would be more satisfied with what they have. One wonders sometimes which is best.

THE WORK OF THE YEAR

We had lots of things to do on the farm in those days that people do not have to bother with now.

We always made soap in the spring. Our folks had dug out a hollow log for a leach. They would fix it up, put ashes in it and pour on water from the brook that ran near. Soon the lye would begin to run out into the trough. Then Mother would get up her big caldron kettle, swing it in place over the fire and put her grease in, pour on her lye and boil it. They would always put an egg in the lye to see if it was strong enough. If the egg floated, the lye was all right. After the soap had boiled a while, she would try it. If grease settled over the top, more lye was needed. Sometimes, if Mother wanted to make a little soap without so much bother, she would put the lye on the grease and let it stand until the soap was ready.

Making our lights was another thing that was quite an event with me. Mother would take our candle rods, small, straight sticks about eighteen inches long, that were always kept for that purpose, and fix the wicks, the night before she dipped. She would cut the wicks a little more than twice as long as she wanted the candle to be, for the wicks had to be doubled and twisted and then she would tie a knot in the lower end. They were not such small wicks as they put in the candles now. The loops where the wicks were doubled were then slipped over the candle rods and the rods were placed in turn on two long poles and under them were placed boards for them to drip on. In the morning she would put her tallow in a large iron kettle with water in the bottom. I think the water was to keep the tallow hot without burning. Perhaps too, it would raise the tallow so that a smaller amount might be heated. Then Mother would take down one rod at a time and begin to dip the candles. It was slow work and required lots of patience. Of course she would have to dip them over and over as they cooled, in order to have them large enough. But in one day, our candles for a year would be made.

Later she used molds to help out and at last she got to using them altogether. I remember that I had a little candle-stick that I would dip candles for. These candles were as long as my little finger but were not as large around.

Our next light that I remember, was a tin lamp that we used grease in. It had a place for a wick and I think we used to put in pieces of cotton flannel for the wick. These with the molded candles, did us very well.

Then came the glass lamp with two places for round wicks. We used some kind of fluid in them. They made good lights but I think we still used our molded candles. Still later, kerosene lamps came into use. We have been used to the electric lights so long now that I sometimes wonder how we used to get along without them.

Another big job was making sausage. Mother had all of her meat to chop. I remember, in the hotel, that she had a big trough made out of a log that was set up on legs. She would put the meat in the trough and different ones would take turns chopping it. Besides getting the meat ready, she had to prepare the skins in which she stuffed the sausage. For that, she used the intestines of the hogs. They had to be soaked and washed; but when they were finished, they were clean.

She had an instrument for filling the skins. It was cylindrical with a smaller tube at one end. There was a pusher that fitted into the large tube. The small end would fit tight into the skins. She would fill the large tube, insert the pusher and push the sausage into the skins. When she had put as much as she wished into the skin, she would twist it around and go on filling. Probably she drew the skin up on the filler and commenced way down on the end. I have seen great strings of them hanging in the garret.

When we moved back on the farm, Mother sometimes made sacks of cloth in which to pack her sausage. Sometimes she would cook it and put it down in a jar and run lard over it.

One thing that I always looked forward to in the spring, was the making of maple sugar. I could hardly wait until it was time to begin. Our people had a grove

of maple trees. Every spring the buckets were brought and scalded and the spiles or spouts were made ready. Then they started out and tapped the trees, and put the spiles and buckets in place. Finally the big kettle was put up and everything was ready.

The next morning, my brother would take the horse and sled and gather the sap in barrels, put it in the kettle and boil it down to syrup. Then after straining, they would take it to the house and Mother would sugar it off. It would then be put into barrels for use during the year. My, but it was good! We used it for all of our common cooking. A barrel of sugar like that was a great help to the farmer. White sugar was more rare. In spite of the fact that I was fond of maple sugar, I considered it a treat to have a lump of white sugar.

During the spring we did our quilting. Juliet and Phebe had some beautifully quilted quilts. We had such pretty designs. Our quilting patterns were just as elaborate as were the patterns for the patchwork. Girls in those days were good quilters too. They were not like the girl who tried to quilt on my granddaughter's quilt last summer. Her stitches were very fine and even, but the quilting did not look just right. Finally some one asked her if she took the stitches clear through. "No, indeed," she replied, "I have been very careful not to let my stitches show on the other side."

In the spring too, we made our sheets and pillow-cases and as much of our clothing as we could. We wore hand-made underclothes in those days. Father used to get the leather ready and have a shoemaker come and make up the shoes for the family.

After the sugar making, came the planting and care of the garden and crops. Then came the harvest. We had a one-horse rake and a one-horse threshing machine that were great helps. But all of the hay and grain had to be cut with the scythe and cradle and the grain had to be bound by hand.

We had lots of apples and in the fall they had to be gathered and put into the cellar. We had a paring machine and bushel after bushel were pared, quartered, cored and dried for winter use. Some of the apples went to the mill and were made into cider. This cider was usually made into vinegar or sold. Sometimes Mother would boil down the cider to syrup and then put in apples and make a supply of apple sauce for winter use. When cider is sweet, it is good to drink but I never liked it after it had worked. Mother made her cherry and plum preserves too; yes, and her currant preserves.

Later in the fall we did our knitting. We all wore woolen stockings or socks in winter and it took a lot of knitting.

We made our own dresses and did not have a sewing machine for the stitching either. And it did not take long to make a dress even though there were several breadths to sew up in the skirt. I remember that one morning a peddler came along. He had some goods that Juliet wanted, so she hunted up some paper rags and sold them to him and bought the cloth. As she was going horseback riding with a crowd that afternoon, she decided to make the dress for the occasion. So she cut it out and sewed it up. By four o'clock it was all finished but the hooks and eyes. She put it on and we sewed it up on her and she

wore it. I doubt if any of her descendants or mine could do a quicker job today.

I have forgotten to tell you about the butter and cheese. Mother used to make good butter and often sold a firkin. She made good cheese, too. In making cheese, she would use both the morning and the evening milk, warm it and put in the rennet. When it had set, she would take a knife and cut it. When it had wheyed off, she would salt it, put sage in if she was making sage cheese, and put it in a cheese cloth and hang it up to drain. The next morning it would be ready for the press. Then she would put it in a round rim six or eight inches high without a bottom, putting in first a cheese cloth to hold it. Then she would put it all in a press with a cover that would just fit in the rim. When it was pressed, she would take it up into a room that was free from insects where she would grease and turn it every day for a long time.

I remember one fall that one of the merchants wanted her to make him some cheese. She told him she couldn't as she must make butter for her family. "Oh," he said, "your skim milk cheese is better than most people's new milk cheese."

And so the year's work was done. Everything was done in its appointed time and yet there was time for other things. We had our church work and there was always time for that. There were spelling matches and singing schools and sometimes someone would make a party. But we did not think that we had to go some place every night. In those days, the home was where we lived rather than being just a place where we sometimes slept a few hours at night. It was good for us to have our work to do and it

would be better today if every boy and girl had some work for which he was responsible.

MY BROTHER MUNSON'S FAMILY

When we moved back onto the farm, Munson and his family had to leave. They had buried two children while living there. There were two more, Edward and Myra. The latter died when about a year old but Edward lived to be eight or nine. Munson moved to Massena, New York, when Myra was a baby. Then Aurelia and a twin sister were born.

Soon after that, Hannah's health began to fail and by the next spring she was quite ill. We received a letter telling us about it. Mother did not feel that she could go and stay, but she went and took Hannah's mother, Mrs. Merriam, with her. They drove Mrs. Merriam's old horse, ferrying across the lake.

When they reached Munson's they found that Hannah had gone to stay with a woman doctor. But Hannah had decided that she wanted to go home and Munson was making a litter on which to carry her.

They took Mrs. Merriam over to stay with Hannah that night and the next morning Mother and Munson went in the boat with the litter. They found the man of the house drunk and his wife, the medical woman, had talked to Mrs. Merriam until she was walking the floor and crying. She had told Mrs. Merriam that it would kill Hannah to be moved. But Hannah had seen and heard enough of the doctor and her husband and she wanted to get home.

They sent Mrs. Merriam around the road with the horse. Then they put Hannah on the litter and placed it in the boat. Mother sat on her feet beside Hannah while Munson took the oar. They went down the river several miles and then carried her about a quarter of a mile to the house. Mother said when they got her into her own bed, she looked up, so happy. She was so thankful to be at home.

Hannah wanted Mother to take Aurelia home with her, the other twin had died. Mother started home the next morning driving the horse and carrying Aurelia in her arms. Hannah lived only a day or two. Soon afterward, Mrs. Merriam came home leaving Edward with his father.

Aurelia was a thin, sickly little thing when she came to us but she grew and thrived. Love and good care and good food did its work.

Soon a message came that Munson was sick. Mother made arrangements to go again but word came that he was better. It seems that he had not been well and the doctor had given him calomel. It was haying time and his men got to fighting so he got out of bed to quiet them. It was raining and he got wet and took cold and for a time was very sick.

Munson came out in the fall and Phebe went home with him and spent the winter. Then Munson, not knowing what else to do, married Marinda Young. They visited us the next summer and took Aurelia home with them. She spent two winters with us when she was eleven and twelve. Later Munson came west and lived on a farm near West Union, where he died. Aurelia spent a little

time with us at Fayette before her father died and before she was married.

MY YOUNG WOMANHOOD

We had seven months of school during the year. In the fall, we frequently had a select school at the Academy which had been built just a little way from the hotel. There we would meet the older boys and girls from the four public schools of the township. Sometimes students would come from across the lake.

Juliet was three years older than I and of course went to parties with Phebe and William before I did. Once, after the three had been to a party, Phebe laughed at her about "Little Hoyt" taking such a "shine" to her. Afterward when we made a party at our house, when the crowd was marching around, I got hold of Phebe and asked her who that was with Juliet. "Why, that is Little Hoyt," she said. In due time, "Little Hoyt" was seen at our house quite often. You see he had not his growth then.

The fall before I was sixteen, Phebe and I attended the Academy. The teacher was Winslow Stearns. During the following winter, I attended district school. One day when I came home from school, I was informed that Mr. Stearns had been there to dinner. A few evenings afterward, I noticed that Juliet was making a fire in the front room and supposed that she was going to have company. There was a knock at the door and the girls managed that I would have to answer it. I opened the door and there stood Winslow Stearns. I did not invite him in but stood and looked at him until I thought out what it all meant.

WEDDING PICTURE OF WINSLOW STEARNS AND WIFE
PHEBE LANDON KENT STEARNS

Copy of daguerreotype taken in 1853

He was courting Phebe and wanted to marry her and take her west. It all came over me in a flash as I stood and looked at him. Finally, I invited him in. And later, when, through the open door, I saw them walking up and down the room arm in arm, promenading, we called it, I knew that things were getting very serious.

They were married one Sabbath the next spring, April 5. There was a small company invited to the wedding. Phebe wore a grey dress and looked very pretty. Soon afterward, they left for Iowa and did not return until the summer of Father's death. Orville was about three years old then, a cute little fellow.

In less than a year, Juliet and Hiram Hoyt were married. It was on Washington's birthday in 1854. Juliet was dressed in white and she also made a very pretty bride. They too, went to Iowa.

William and I were the only children left. But the next September he and Julia Ann Hoyt were married. Grace Hoyt and I and Buel and Warren Mott stood up with them. There was quite a large number at the wedding. Later they came and lived with us. William had really been running the farm for some time, for Father could not see well enough to do much.

I attended school at Essex Junction a year from that winter and when I returned, little Gertrude was there. She was a sweet child. One morning when she was about a year and a half old, her mother took her from the bed and put her on the kitchen floor and went out of doors. When she came in, Gertie had disappeared. She opened the door into our part of the house and inquired if Gertie was there. We told her that we had not seen her. We

hunted all over, in the garden and everywhere. Then Julia Ann said, "I will go and call William." He was quite a distance from the house but before he reached it, he called to us to look down the road. A lady who lived nearly a quarter of a mile away was bringing her home. Gertie had been there the day before with her mother. So, missing her mother, she had started out with nothing on but her little nighty, crawled under the fence and gone down the road. How she escaped the load of hay that went along, we never knew. There was joy in the house when she came back. Father said, "If you had seen her in the well, I would have gone down after her." Poor man! He did not realize that he could not do it as easily as he could have done when he was a younger, stronger man and could see.

Another time, Gertie opened our door early in the morning and came in. Father said playfully but in a rather stern voice, "What are you doing here?" She put up her little face and said, "I want my breakfast." Mother said, "You shall have your breakfast," and immediately she was at the table. Once I made her a quilted petticoat out of a pink apron that had been mine. She was very proud of it and would pull up her dress and show it to the folks saying, "It was made out of Aunt Marna's pink apron." We thought her very cute.

Little Addison was born in the fall. But we did not get to enjoy him so much, for the following spring William sold out and followed the others to Iowa. Father had sold all of the farm that lay below the road to William, and when that was sold, it left us with the upper part on the west side of the street. That part, I think, is in the old farm now.

WEDDING PICTURE OF HIRAM B. HOYT AND WIFE
JULIET KENT HOYT
Copy of daguerreotype taken in 1854

WILLIAM KENT AND WIFE
JULIA ANN HOYT KENT
Copy of pictures taken about 1849

Father died the summer after William left for Iowa. Then Mother and I were left alone. As I said, Phebe came and stayed a while. The night after she left, Father was taken worse and died two or three days later. So Mother and I were all alone with our dead. Warm friends were with us but they were not our own. Mr. Wheeler, our pastor, who had been with us since I was a little girl, preached the funeral sermon and a copy went to each of the children. We buried him in the churchyard by Harriet and little Warren and others of our loved ones who had gone before.

I LEAVE MY ISLAND HOME

The fall after Father's death, I went to Burlington, with a friend with whom I had formerly painted, to take painting lessons. My cousin, Janet Landon, stayed with Mother. We had a lovely time in Burlington, Mary Ann Landon and I, the seven weeks we were there, working with a real artist. We each painted three pictures.

Mother, in the meantime, was settling the estate. She did it, the judge said, with the least expense to anyone. She would not take a cent for her work, "would not rob her own children." In the spring we sold out and came to Iowa.

Of course we took some of the furniture with us and I have often wished that we had taken more. We still have Mother's old bureau or highboy, and also the chair that Father rocked me in when I was a little girl. The highboy has recently been refinished and is a beautiful piece.

It is made of cherry and bird's-eye maple. We also have the brass-handled tongs and shovel that Father made.

After we had packed up everything that we wanted to bring to Iowa and had sold the rest, we went to Aunt Margaret's to stay for a few days before we left. When we started, several of the friends went with us to the Sand Bar bridge. There they bade us farewell.

When we were across the lake, I looked back from Fox Hill and saw for the last time the view spread out before us. Oh, it was so beautiful! I have learned to love Iowa but nothing has taken the place in my heart of my Island Home.

How I would like to take you all back and show you its beauties. My old friends are all gone. But the mountains and the lake and the farms are still there. We would gaze on old Camel's Hump together and dip our hands in the blue waters of old Champlain. Perhaps we might go wading or boat-riding. Oh, it would be lovely!

And I would delight to take you to the old farm. We would go out in the woods, note the changes there, see the maples that were little trees seventy years ago. Then we would climb the fence over into Buel's woods, pick a few honeysuckles, climb another fence, pass the play houses with the rock floors and then up a step into the sitting room—that was my house. Oh! the stone seats, what a luxury; and the moss-covered beds, what a comfort!

Then we would go down the hill to the schoolhouse and I would show you where Aunt Margaret lived and tell you how she used to give me flowers. She knew I loved them. And I would tell you of Aunt Susan's dear folks who had such an abundance of flowers but never thought of giving them away. How I would look at a little bit of

rocket so longingly. They did not know how my childish heart wanted it. Dear sweet rocket, I have always loved it.

But I shall never be able to take you all there. Soon I must start on that beautiful journey to my Heavenly Home where Christ awaits me with the dear folks who have gone before.

PART II.

MY FIRST YEARS IN IOWA

COLLEGE DAYS AND MARRIAGE

LUTHER PIXLEY took us to Milton, as I remember, and then we took the train for Burlington. We stopped over night there and bought our tickets for Iowa. In the morning we took a boat going down the lake to Whitehall; passing on the way the ruins of Fort Ticonderoga and of Crown Point. From Whitehall, we went to Niagara Falls, then into Canada, crossed into Michigan and came west to the lake, crossing it to Milwaukee.

On the way, we fell in with a man and woman from Waukesha, Wisconsin, who were very pleasant company. He was a banker and persuaded Mother to exchange money with him. He gave her one hundred dollars in Waukesha money, taking her eastern money in exchange. It turned out to be all right but Mother worried considerably.

It was a hot day when we reached Prairie du Chien. I had slept most of the afternoon as I had not fully recovered from the effects of the ride on the boat the night before. We crossed the river there to McGregor and went to a hotel. The room that we had was a little one without a window. I awakened in the night and there sat Mother with the candle lit, hunting bedbugs. She couldn't sleep and slaughtered some of the bugs, at least.

The next morning we took the stage for West Union. There we found our friends waiting for us. We stayed with Aunt Juliet and Uncle Hiram while Uncle William and Aunt Julia Ann were near neighbors. Munson lived about three miles the other side of West Union while Aunt Phebe and Uncle Winslow lived a mile and a half the other side of Lima. They came up in a lumber wagon very soon to see us. Aurelia was only a month old and it was pretty hard on Phebe. But she was homesick and anxious to see us. Carrie Kent was about two weeks older than Aurelia, so Julia Ann had her hands full too.

I soon became all broken out and the folks said that I was getting acclimated. They decided that I should take some medicine to cleanse my blood. I took it, and, as a result, had two large boils. One night, Mother went into another room to sleep and in the morning came into our room and said, "I have found out what ails you. It is fleas. They would make your father 'most crazy. If there was a flea near, he knew it." I decided that if they were as bad down at Fayette, where I was expecting to enter college, I would go back east.

We spent the summer visiting around among the children. There were nine grandchildren; William had three, Phebe had two, Juliet had one (Ella) and Munson had three. They were all busy but we both helped and had a good time.

In the fall, I came down to Fayette and started to college. At that time, there was only the one building. On the third floor, there was a partition dividing it into two sections. The south one was used as a dormitory for girls and that was where I roomed. The boys used the north part for a dormitory. The campus was fenced and instead

of gates, there were steps or stiles over the fence. The chapel, located at the north end of the first floor of the building, was used for church services.

After about six weeks, when I was up at West Union, Mother told me I might look for a place. She said she had raised one family and she could not help raise another. She could not bear to see the girls having to work so hard without turning in and helping them and she felt that she did not have the strength to do that.

So I looked around and found this place where we are living now. We bargained for it and moved in. Finally Mr. Cole told us that he could not give us a deed until he had the money to pay up the mortgage that was on the place. We objected at first, but finally it was arranged and the mortgage was released and we received the deed.

I had quite a time getting used to the colloquialisms of the west. At the first social that I attended after entering school, one of the young men came up and asked, "Where did you hail from?" I had no idea what he meant. I suppose they had as much trouble with some of my eastern expressions.

The first winter we were in Fayette, our group of young folks were invited to the home of Lyman Drake at Volga City. Mr. Drake had recently moved there from Colchester, Vermont. The night was bitter cold. We went in a bob-sled with two teams of horses. You may think it is fun to joy-ride in a car but you do not know all of the joys of travel if you have never had a ride in a bob-sled. Before we had left the campus, Will Lakin had frozen his ears and had to get some snow to rub them with. It took us two or three hours to make the trip and we had no further trouble. It was a very pleasant party.

We met Will Warner and his sister and Stella Griswold at that time. We girls went home with Stella for the night and the next day, after dinner, we came back to Fayette.

The next summer, Mother and I went to see Jane, who had married Victor Adams, and was living at Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Before moving to Oshkosh they had lived at South Hero, Milton and other places in Vermont. Their children are George, Charles, Eliza, William, Henry, Sophronia, Augusta, Victor and Jennie.

During the following winter, Mother received word that Aunt Margaret was very sick, and if she wanted to see her she must go at once. I was in school and did not want to leave so we wrote Julia Ann to see if she would go with Mother. She decided to go and take Carrie with her.

They had only one trunk between them. Just before they reached Milton, the agent came in and wanted their check. They gave it to him, but when they left the train, their trunk was not there. Just imagine their situation! Julia Ann had a few baby things in her satchel but the rest did not have a change. Hector Adams told the agent that if the trunk was not found soon there would be trouble. They finally brought it around just before the folks started home. As they crossed the St. Lawrence on the way back, Mother heard one of the train men say, "There is that trunk that we had such a time hunting." It was a trunk that once seen was remembered. They reached home in early spring just after the ice had gone out of the river.

In the meantime, I had been working too hard. In Greek I had been put in a class a year ahead of where I belonged, there being no class in the work I wished. In

order to keep up I had not gotten the required amount of sleep, my health failed and I was obliged to quit school. It was a big disappointment for I had wanted a college education.

In May, Mother was taken sick. Pneumonia developed and we could not save her. God took her and I was left alone. We buried her in Grand View Cemetery. I would have liked to have taken her back and buried her beside Father but I was not well and it was a long way to go alone. Julia Ann had just been back and Juliet and Phebe were not able to go.

The next year Juliet and I planted a white rose on her grave. The rose still lives, becoming white with blossoms every year. Without protection, it has stood the icy blasts of winter and the heat and drought of summer for almost seventy years.

Mother was only sixty-six when she died but we thought of her as an old woman. It has been seventy years since she left me and now I am almost thirty years older than she was then. If she could have been spared to me a few years longer, it would have helped me so much.

The beginning of Grand View Cemetery is an interesting bit of history. In an early day, as the Alexander family was passing the hill one Sabbath, one of the daughters said, "What a beautiful place that would be for a cemetery. When I die, I want to be buried there." Within a day or two, she was taken ill and in less than a week was buried in the place that she had chosen.

As I said, it seemed to me that I was all alone in the world. But I was not alone, for Jason was here and he proposed that we be married. He had one more year in school. I could not remain alone.

Mary Hackett, who was staying with me and attending school, said she would stay with me until school was out and we were married. So as soon as I could, I began to get my things ready.

We were married at my sister Juliet's. Luther Waterbury and Julia Parsons stood up with us and Rev. Rufus Ricker performed the ceremony. There were a few other friends besides the relatives present. Juliet made us a very pretty wedding and everything passed off pleasantly. I was dressed in white and had a little bouquet of white flowers in my belt. Our wedding was July 24, 1861.

Florence tells the story that when I was taking the wedding cake upstairs, I dropped it and it fell bottom side up. Fortunately, it did not break but I had to frost it again. I had forgotten it until she spoke of it. Her grandmother had told her about it.

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The next day we went to brother Munson's and Saturday night we came back to Fayette. Of course we were charivaried. We were very thankful for the thoughtfulness of the boy who had roomed at our house. He told Jason that he knew what was coming and so gathered up all of the rifles and muskets that were stored around for the drilling and hid them in the stove-pipes of the college stoves. There would have been more racket if they had found the guns.

Later we went back to West Union where Jason worked for Hiram during haying and harvest. He was an especially good binder. When school opened in the fall, we returned to Fayette.

After the fall of Fort Sumter, and during the summer and fall, the war was the great event of the time. A number of students and townsmen enlisted and went with

Company F of the Third Iowa Infantry. The first man to enlist in Fayette County was Jacob Abernethy. Among others who went in that Company were Col. Aaron Brown and James Lakin.

Several others went in the Twelfth Iowa. Among that number were David B. Henderson, who had been in college and enlisted from here, Irwin Comstock and Dr. C. C. Parker. Dr. Parker went as surgeon but was taken sick and served only six months. He was in the Battle of Shiloh. Captain Wm. Warner was a senior in the fall of '61. But he, too, heard the call to arms and enlisted. He was captured at Shiloh but broke his sword rather than surrender, and died in prison. Altogether, it was a very sad year.

The young ladies of the College, with the help of the preceptress, made a flag which was presented to one of the companies. We all worked on it and when it was finished it was a beautiful flag and was much appreciated by the boys of the Company.

That winter they wanted an art teacher at the College and I taught a class in painting. I always loved to paint, so my work was pleasant as well as profitable.

When Commencement came, there were only two to graduate in the first class; my husband, Jason Lee Paine and John Clough. Mr. Clough afterward went to India as a missionary under the Baptist Church and was very successful. He was the first of the many missionaries who have gone out from Upper Iowa.

THE COVERED WAGON

In the fall, Jason went to conference and was appointed to a charge in western Iowa and southern Dakota. The New Ulm massacre had occurred just before conference. He knew the journey, as well as the work, would be full of danger so when he returned he told me I could go with him or I could stay here. I told him I would go and proceeded to get ready.

We bought a light covered wagon and packed a box and one trunk to take with us. Our other things, we packed in one room, the parlor, and rented the rest of the house.

When everything was ready, the wagon loaded and the horses hitched to it, the pastor came in and we all knelt as he commended us to God's care. We knew we were safe in His keeping. He preserved our going out and our coming in. Good-byes were said and we started about three o'clock in the afternoon, Monday, September 29, 1862.

Jason's father and Uncle Arnold went a ways with us. In Jason's journal of our trip he wrote, "It is hard to leave my parents who are aged and infirm." At that time his mother was about forty-one and his father ten years older. People were considered old at an earlier age then than they are now.

We did not go far the first day, only seven miles, as it was starting to drizzle. We stopped at a farm house but only the woman was at home for her husband was off threshing. This proved to be the place where they had

lost so many children of diphtheria. I remember of hearing the doctor tell of it. We were welcome there and had a good night of rest. The next morning the men came home for it was too wet to thresh. But the sun came out and we left after breakfasting on hot biscuits and sorghum.

I do not remember much about the next day or two. The first Sunday we spent at the home of D. C. Young. He was a brother of Marinda, brother Munson's wife.

One day when we were not far from Ames, we came to a ditch that looked so bad that I got out and crossed on foot. Then Jason started across with the team. The horses got across all right but as the fore wheels came up out of the ditch, Queen became frightened and sprang. Snap went her singletree. The horses dragged Jason through the mud and water but he held to the lines. Finally, after dragging him about twenty feet, he got them stopped. Then I held Queen by the bit while he got up. Poor Queen! It was her first experience with ditches and sloughs but she soon got so she could go through them without fear.

When we were able to look things over, we found the hind wheels were still in the ditch, both singletrees broken and the top of the dashboard split off where they had jerked Jason through it. There was no house in sight but while on the hill behind, we had seen a house ahead. We started on foot for we did not know as Queen had ever been ridden by a woman. Our wagon and goods were alone on the prairie. Soon we came to another slough where the water was a foot deep. So I got on Queen and Jason mounted the colt, Jim, and we went on in safety to the place where we were supposed to spend the night.

The next morning, the man there helped Jason to get the wagon out and they fixed it up so we could go on to Boonsboro (now Boone) where we got it repaired.

There were places along the road where we were told we could probably stay. They called them Methodist Hotels. At one place, the woman told me that preacher after preacher had stopped there and not one of them had given her so much as a drawing of tea. So I took my tea out and divided with her. I did not like to stay at places like that. I would rather go to a regular hotel. But Jason's folks had kept such a hotel in Ohio and Wisconsin and he thought it was all right.

We expected to stay over night at Boonsboro but I found out that the woman did not propose to keep us. She said she would give us a pie and she thought we could find a place to stay all night farther on. So we started on. It was getting late and Jason was blue. He regretted bringing me out there to be eaten up by wolves or to be killed by Indians. But I told him that God would care for us and if we had to sleep out in our wagon, we could do it. We went on and soon heard a dog bark. Jason concluded that there must be people if there was a dog, and he felt better.

We went on and soon came to a double log house near a river. The people were southern and very friendly. They found out where we were going and for what purpose and we soon heard the squawking of chickens. They surely tasted good. That night we had a clean bed to sleep in and the next morning we had a clean towel to wipe on, even though it was only a pillow case. We were very grateful to them for their kindness to us. It seemed genuine.

The river I spoke of was the Des Moines. It was beautiful down by the river. The butternuts lay on the ground all around. I wanted to stop and walk among the trees and gather the nuts. It was almost a perfect day. The sun shone in all its splendor, and then as though that was not enough, the trees shed forth their radiance. Oh, it was so gloriously beautiful. How could anyone help but thank God for all the beauty. It was as if the year, before it passed away and put on its garb of white, must burst forth in a last refrain of joy and gladness and put on its robes of beauty. The golden light was upon the world. It seemed if we could only have heard the angels singing, it would have completed the day.

The people there told us of a bad place ahead called "purgatory", that we would have to cross. But they told us where to cross and we went our way. When we reached the place, Jason got out and looked. He tried to find a stick to measure the depth but there was nothing but a few slender willows, and with them he could not reach the bottom. He got in and started the horses. The sides of the ditch were almost perpendicular and the water came over the wagon box. I think the horses had to swim. We were glad when we were through that place. But God kept us and we were safe.

We traveled over prairie, up hill and down hill. Some days it seemed as though all day it was up hill and down. And always on the alert, always looking for Indians. When we reached the top of a hill, we would strain our eyes looking in every direction for them.

It is so long ago, I cannot remember the towns. But I remember we stopped at another Methodist Hotel and this time it happened to be a real hotel for which I was

thankful. I do not remember much about the place, only there seemed to be a big family. The man must have been very kindly for he had brought up a number of children besides his own. Some had been left on his door-step, and to some older ones he had given a home. When we went out to supper, we found the meat, potatoes and other vegetables all cooked together and served on our plates; half soup and half something else. I told Jason that it was hodge podge. He did not like it very well but ate it and it did not hurt him. God reward that woman with all of those mouths to feed. She had to do it in the easiest possible manner and it was good, wholesome food.

The last week we were on the road we traveled with Bro. Risher from Jefferson to Denison, where we fell in with Bro. LaMonte's folks. Bro. LaMonte was District Superintendent or Presiding Elder as we called him in those days.

When we reached Denison about dark, after traveling thirty-five miles without seeing a house all day, we found that men were patrolling the town. We had met two or three looking for Indians, for someone had seen four the night before. When we reached the hotel, there was intense excitement. The hotel seemed full but there was a room for us. You see, the New Ulm massacre had excited everyone and they were on their guard.

Just after the New Ulm massacre, before we reached Brule, the news of the massacre reached the people and they were alarmed. Then word came that the Indians were coming that way. Everybody fled; they said there was not a person left from Yankton to Sioux City, where they took refuge. The women left their work just as it was. One woman left a baking of bread in the oven. An-

other woman left her baby asleep on the bed. The soldiers came along afterward and found the baby. Later Elwood Clark carried it to the mother in Sioux City. They were all frightened and went helter-skelter, running for their lives. "Can a mother forget her sucking child—? Yea, she may forget, but I will not forget thee." It seems as if God chose the most impossible thing with which to compare His love for the people.

The next morning we started out very cautiously but saw no Indians. Bro. LaMonte had a gun and revolver and Jason had a revolver. I do not know how sure a shot Jason was then but he practiced later until, when riding his horse at a gallop, he could shoot without missing. We had a little chance to get acquainted with the LaMontes for we would sometimes stop to eat on the open prairie. The prairie grass was sometimes so high that a man on a horse could tie it over his head. We would travel for hours and there would not be a house in sight.

We reached Bro. LaMonte's place in Woodbury, October 16, after being on the road eighteen days. Woodbury was about twenty-five miles from Sioux City. Now they drive from here to Sioux City in about half as many hours, and I suppose they would fly in as many hours as we took weeks. But if we had had the roads then that they have now, it would not have taken us as long.

FORT BRULE

Jason rested a day and then went up into the Territory. I had accepted an invitation to stay with the LaMontes while he was gone. He reached Elk Point that night,

Saturday, October 18, and preached there the next day. The room where he preached had been a bar room and his pulpit was a barrel of rum but the people listened very attentively.

In the afternoon he went over to Brule Creek some four or five miles distant. There he found several members of the Church which had been organized a while before. The next day they turned out and built us a house. It was another house toward the completion of a fort. There were log houses on two sides and stables on one side. On the fourth side, there were high posts driven into the ground. Our house made the fourth on our side. The fort was never completed—there were openings at the corners but gates were never made. We moved into our house about the middle of November. It had a roof thatched with wild hay, there was a hole in the ground under it which we reached by a trap door. It had two glass windows and up in the attic was a hole that we could look out of, down to the Big Sioux. I thought that would be a good place to shoot from if Indians should attack us.

When we first moved into the house, we found that some good brother had put in several bushels of potatoes for us. Another, who lived a mile or so out, brought us some little fishes. These same people had lived all summer on fish without salt. We had remembered to bring up some in our supplies from Sioux City.

Jason would preach at Brule Creek one Sunday and then would go up to Vermillion or Yankton the next. Someone at Vermillion gave us a high post bedstead of red cedar. Jason made some of our furniture, a cupboard, bookcase, and study table. Yankton was beyond Vermil-

lion and to reach there, one had to cross Jim River. I went up with Jason once.

One time when he went up, the ferry folks who lived at Jim River were not at home and the boat was on the other side. As night approached, Jason put Queen in the stable and lay down on some hay back of her. In the night, the folks came home and found their stable occupied. I think it was a lonely night. He said he sang a song and knelt down and prayed. Later, in telling of it, he said he never felt God's presence more fully or joyously than he did that night.

Sometimes Jason went up to Fort Randall where he found soldiers and Indians. Once when he was at the Fort, a soldier was riding among the Indians when his horse stepped on an Indian baby and killed it. There was, of course, a great deal of commotion among the Indians. When the soldier told his story to some of the other people, they told him he must go back and make it right. He went back and handed the mother a dollar. It was all right and she went away rejoicing.

The last of November, when Jason made a trip to Yankton, the first Territorial Legislature was in session and the town was full of politicians and office seekers. In his journal under November 29, he wrote: "I went down to see to my team this morning and while in the bar room for a few minutes waiting for Mr. Frisbie, a good-appearing, intelligent-looking, fashionably dressed half-breed stepped up to me and inquired my name. I spoke my name and he replied that his was Picotte (pronounced Pe′-kot) and asked me to drink. He was considerably under the influence of liquor. I thanked him and told him that I never drank. 'Oh, never drink?', said he, ap-

parently annoyed at my declining. Presently he came around again, asked my name and where I lived and repeated the invitation. I replied as before. He seemed still more annoyed, muttering something about my thinking I was above him and went off. Soon he came the third time. Mr. Puett was then standing near me. He asked Mr. Puett if he knew me. 'Yes', said Mr. Puett, 'Mr. Paine is our minister. He lives down our way.' 'Oh! Ah! Indeed; beg pardon, beg pardon, Mr. Paine, you must excuse me. I am a little drunk today.' He made all sorts of apologies. He then turned to Mr. Puett saying they could give me but one office and inquired if they could not make me chaplain. 'I guess so,' said Mr. Puett, 'I am going to work for it.' The half-breed then turned to me again and said, 'I guess we can get you in as chaplain. I will do all I can for you. You must excuse me for asking you to drink but I will work for you and I have a great many friends.' He seems to be one of the proprietors of the town. His Indian name is Charley White Horse." And later in his journal he wrote that on December 3, 1862, he was made chaplain of the House of Representatives. Picotte was very friendly and whenever he met Jason would apologize for having invited him to drink. Once he gave Jason a pair of beaded moccasins that his squaw had made.

Jason was away from home the rest of the time that Legislature was in session. At its close he was given fifteen dollars for his services. During that time, he wrote the charter for the State University at Vermillion.

While Jason was chaplain, he had trouble with his eyes. They were very bad part of the time and he stayed at Yankton longer than he otherwise would have done.

When Legislature was over, he started home with the others, reaching home after dark. I went out to the conveyance, but he made no move to greet me. Finally one man spoke to me and said, "He is blind." It was like a knife to me. It went through me in a flash what blindness meant. You remember my father was blind from the time I was a little girl. I went to Jason when the man told me he was blind and led him into the house after greeting him. He had a terrible time with his eyes. The inflammation was dreadful and the pain was intense. Old Dr. Philips was the only doctor there and I do not know as he came in to see him, though I think his wife did, and he was very friendly.

Well, we commenced putting ice on his eyes. We scraped potatoes and put that on. We did everything we could think of. It was several days before the inflammation yielded to the treatment. But it finally did yield and pimples and a big sty appeared. His eyes recovered and apparently were as well as ever.

One time when Jason was up at Fort Randall, the soldiers had not received their pay for a while and could put little into the collection. The Indian agent there had a lot of buffalo skins and so Jason was given one of those. It was a nice, large one. We used it until it finally wore out when we were on the farm.

While Jason had been at Yankton, I had been holding the fort at Brule. I was very comfortably situated as far as I was concerned. The little children brought a little boy from school one day who was crying from the cold. His people were down in the woods somewhere and were living in a shanty. The little boy crawled into the hay at night without undressing; I don't know but they all did.

I think he was without stockings (at least he had nothing but rags). I put some of mine on him. His hands were all dirty and sore. But I told him they would get well when clean and finally we got them clean. He was a good-looking boy, quite religiously inclined. He stayed with us until school closed.

After that, I had the children come in and taught school for a time in the forenoons. I thought it would be better for the children to have a little more time for study. There was a Norwegian girl who did not know her letters but she was so anxious to learn that she seemed to swallow her words whole and go on.

I found too, that the children were running loose on Sundays. I told them if they would come in at three o'clock, I would tell them a story. They came promptly and we had pleasant times together. These children had never seen a minister's wife before and they called me "Miss Minister". When Jason was up country and I was expecting him back, they would watch for him. When they finally saw him in the distance, they would come running in crying, "Your preacher is coming! Your preacher is coming!" When we were to have a church service at our house, they would come and spread hay in front of the door for the people to wipe their feet on.

The children used to like to look at my fruit picture. It was the only oil painting I had with me and probably was appreciated more than others would have been. As it was not framed then, it was easier to carry and I wanted at least one painting. As you have heard me say, I painted the knives from the ones we were then using. I remember, one day, some of the children were picking up the dishes from the table, getting ready to wash them. Suddenly

they began looking at the picture and finally one of them made bold to ask me how I got those knives up into the picture. They thought they were some of the real knives that I had stuck up there. Then I explained it to them and showed them how it was done.

The post office was kept by a family who lived out from the fort. They had two little boys who would bring over my mail in an old satchel when Jason was away. That made it easier for me.

One day when Jason was away and I was at home alone, there was a knock at the door. I opened it and there stood our member of the Legislature, Mr. Frisbie, his wife and baby. I knew they had come for dinner. What should I give them? I stood there and didn't invite them in until I had thought the situation over. Of course it did not take long as there was not much to get. I had some fresh pork and some potatoes. I made a johnny-cake and put in the one egg which I happened to have. I brought out some preserves that we took west with us. All the butter I had was a piece about as big as a hickory nut but I put it on the table. I had tea and that was the extent of our dinner. Mr. Frisbie remarked that the johnny-cake was nice and his wife replied that she could make as good a johnny-cake as that if she had eggs to put in. I had as much butter as ever when dinner was over for they would not take any. They ate with us once at Woodbury when passing through there. I think we had a pretty good dinner for them that time although we were often rather short there. One cooky a piece had to satisfy us.

While we were at Fort Brule, we were given rations of meat and rice and of course we did not have that when we left.

One day as Jason was getting ready to go up country, we saw something moving down by the Big Sioux. It looked like men on horse back. As there was only one other able-bodied man left in the fort, Jason did not like to go and leave us with any possibility of Indians being near. So he and the other man started down that way. In the meantime, Hattie Philips and I went down to the old schoolhouse and brought up some old muskets that had been stored there and began running bullets for them.

Soon we saw the men returning. When they had gotten near enough to the objects they saw only cattle moving around. Their shape had been changed by the mirage so common there. But Hattie and I had quite a number of bullets ready. You see we did not intend to sell our lives any cheaper than we had to. But death was better than what we would have received from the hands of the Indians.

Jason saw some of the prisoners that they had taken in the New Ulm massacre after the soldiers had finally gotten them from the Indians. They were a pitiable sight. They had killed the men and had taken the women and children prisoners. The babies that retarded their progress were killed. Jason said that as he saw them standing around the stove warming, they were half-clad and looked as if they had suffered terribly.

Dr. Yeoman, who lived a few miles below Sioux City, took one of the little orphan girls. They said it was a long time before she could bear the smell of boiled dinners. She could not eat that kind of food for it made her so sick. I suppose that she lived too long on dog soup. Oh! such terrible suffering. We did not want to fall into the hands of the Indians.

WOODBURY

Major Pattee could not give any promise of protection to the settlers and the news of the Indians' actions became more grave as spring opened. Early in April, Bro. LaMonte brought up an offer from the school board at Woodbury for Jason to teach the school there. Acting on Bro. LaMonte's advice, he accepted the offer. He was still to preach, however, as often as he could get up country.

We packed up the last of the month and Jason sent our goods down to Woodbury. I stopped over night at the hotel at Sioux City and then went on down to Woodbury and stayed with Mrs. LaMonte. Sister Crooks had preceded us and lived about an eighth of a mile from the LaMontes. Jason stayed up country and went over his preaching places again. When he came down, we rented Elwood Clark's house. After cleaning up the place and papering one room, we moved in.

When Jason was offered the place in the Legislature, Bro. LaMonte urged him to accept it. They thought it would help to get acquainted with the people. But later he said that Jason could not collect quarterage during the time that he was chaplain. And after he had urged Jason to take the school at Woodbury, he went around the circuit and told them that their preacher had deserted them and said many things to prejudice the people against Jason. He, of course, knew nothing of it and when he went back to preach, could not understand why the people treated him so coldly.

School opened at once. They called it an Academy. There were two rooms and a young girl taught in the lower department. Hattie Philips came down from Brule and worked for her board and went to school. It helped me out for I was not very strong.

Things went along very well. In August, little Eddie was born. He was such a dear baby. I almost gave my life for him. The doctor was not as experienced as he should have been. After I got up I was taken sick again and was very ill. But I got better and we were so happy. Eddie was such a beautiful boy; his hair was almost golden, his complexion was light and he had the most beautiful blue eyes. And he had such winning ways. I always tried to read when I nursed him but he got so that he would hit the paper with his little hand. If that didn't attract my attention, he would stop nursing and talk to me in his little baby way. When I would stop reading and look down at him, he would laugh and turn again to his nursing. He had my attention and that was all he wanted.

One day in the fall, Jason had gone farther south to a teachers' meeting leaving me alone with Eddie. While I was ironing, I noticed that the brightness of the sun was dimmed and where it shone on the floor it had a strange look. I went to the door and saw a prairie fire sweeping up toward us. The grass on the river bottom was tall. A mass of flame would leap up, break and be thrown in the air and come rushing on. I can see it yet, that prairie fire.

I did not watch it long, it was coming too fast. I put my silver teaspoons in my pocket and took my baby in my arms and was ready to start. Just then I saw that some men were fighting the fire and seemed to have the upper

hand of it. It was stopped and we were safe. Some way they must have put it out. When Jason returned and heard of the fire, he asked, "Did you get my school order for my month's wages?" I said, "No, I did not think of that." I knew I would have to leave almost everything but my baby, I could not forget my baby.

Once we were awakened by a knock at the door. Jason went and put his foot against the door and opened it a little way. A man spoke and said, "You need not be afraid. It is your neighbor down by the river. I saw some Indians going down the Missouri today and fearing some are prowling around, I thought I would better warn you to look out for your horse." Jason dressed and went out and stood guard for the rest of the night but nothing happened.

But we heard of outrages over the country. Once the stage was attacked. A woman, who lived across the Missouri from Yankton, went to town one day leaving a family of several children at home. When she returned the next day, she found her children all murdered and her horses gone. They supposed that the Indians had come for the horses and that the oldest boy had gone out to prevent their taking them.

Another time, a couple of men who had come into Brule after we left, were down on the Big Sioux and were murdered. You see there was considerable trouble in that section. But I never saw an Indian while there.

I must tell you of the mud in the Missouri bottom. Of course side-walks were things that people did not dream of. When Jason walked to school after a rain, he would get so loaded down with mud that he learned to carry a little paddle or something of the kind to scrape the mud

off of his boots. He had to clean them every few feet. Wagons would go along with mud up to the hubs.

At one time, our well was dry and we had to bring water from the river in a barrel. We would dip up a glass and let it settle. It seems to me now that it would be nearly a quarter full of mud or sediment. The water, when clear, was very good.

Once when I was sick, Jason had occasion to go across the river to see the doctor. He went after school. A thunder storm came up and it was only the lightning flashing so often that kept them from running into snags. The river was very treacherous. One had to watch out when crossing it for there were so many snags. There was little hope for people who once got into the river.

In the winter of 1863 and 1864, there was a terrible scourge of measles all over the country. Some called them black measles but I think they were the common kind, but in a severe form. Mrs. Crooks got them from some place where she was working and she and all of her children were sick. Jason went over one night and kept fire and Mr. Kerr went another. Finally Mr. Crooks came home and took care of them. But he was lonely and kept coming to our house. I hated to have him come for I never had had the measles and was so afraid I would get them. When Jason had been over there he had been careful to disinfect afterward.

But someone evidently brought them to me in their clothing for I took them. I was very sick for they did not come out on me. Finally the doctor said he did not believe there was a measle in me. I said, "Then I am going to have some cold water to drink." I told them to set some by my bed. They did and I drank during the

night. In the morning the measles were out in good shape.

But poor little Eddie! We followed the doctor's directions too closely. We should have given him cold water too. But the dear little fellow could not tell us what he wanted. The measles did not come out. We did everything that we knew how to do but he went into convulsions and finally breathed his last. Oh, it seemed as if the light had gone out of our house!

When his little life had gone I washed and dressed him. His little coffin was paneled and lined with zinc. Jason put him in the little casket and packed cotton around him, for we planned to take the body back with us in the spring. Then a man from Sioux City soldered it up. Bro. Richards preached the sermon and for the closing hymn Jason selected, "God Moves in a Mysterious Way." One place it says, "The bud may have a bitter taste but sweet will be the flower." Ah, yes, the bud, as he died in my arms had a bitter taste, but oh, the blossoming out in Heaven.

I wonder if little Eddie will know me. Has he always remained a baby, or has he grown in mind, in stature, in soul? I had built such hopes for little Eddie, had asked so much in my prayers for him that I have sometimes thought that God saw that they could not be answered here and so took him and placed him under better teachers. It will not be long before my questions will all be answered and I shall see him.

We buried little Eddie on the lot near the house. We did not want the grave to be disturbed by dogs and coyotes as it might have been if farther away. And often we would go to his grave in the even-tide and dream of the days when he was with us. We missed him so much. The

house was so quiet. My arms ached from emptiness and our hearts ached from loneliness. He was our first born.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Along toward spring, the young woman who had taught the lower grade left and Jason was expected to teach both departments on the same salary that he had been getting for the one. So things were not as pleasant as they might have been. We were not sorry when school closed and we could start home.

We sold most of our furniture and packed the rest of our things in a box. We had sold the colt, Jim, so had to buy another horse, but we still had Queen. When everything was packed we took up the box containing little Eddie and put that in the wagon. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr came with us but we had a light load.

We were late in getting started and went only a short way the first day. The next day, we went as far as Mapleton and the next to Ida Grove. At that place we found a lot of soldiers from Fort Randall who were off on furlough. Jason knew some of them. Bro. LaMonte was also there. As we were going the same way, he invited me to ride with him as his conveyance was more comfortable. But I preferred to keep with my family.

The next night we stayed at Sac City. It was crowded with soldiers. They told us there was not another place for twenty-five miles. But they said that there was a place at Twin Lakes that sometimes kept people. I remember it began to rain as we left the next morning and the rain

increased as we went. The wind blew very hard; it was bad traveling. When we reached Twin Lakes, we found that two or three loads of soldiers had just driven in ahead of us. They did not turn us off though and we went in. I think there were three rooms below. We were in the dry and had plenty to eat. But our poor horses! There was no cover for them but we got them out of the wind. After dark, Jason and another man went out and took some hay and fed the team, for the man would not sell us any, although he had plenty. Jason said he thought it would be less wicked to do that than to let the horses go with nothing to eat. In the morning he told the landlord what he had done and paid for the hay. The man took the money and said nothing.

After supper they showed us where we were to sleep. The chambers were not done off and to reach them, we went up a ladder from the kitchen. I think the soldiers must have slept on the floor down stairs. I remember we could see the ducks out on the lake that night. They had come north.

The next morning the sun was shining. We had our breakfast and went our way. But Jason, not seeing the new road took the old one. As we undertook to cross a slough, the horses went down. Too late he saw his mistake. There was nothing to do but to get out, unhitch the horses, take them across, tie a strong rope to the wagon, hitch on the horses and pull out the wagon.

That, I think was our first slough but it was not our last. It seemed to me that we went from one into another. The day we reached Fort Dodge, we had traveled all day without seeing a house. We went from slough to slough. We even found them on the tops of hills. Jason would

get out and walk across trying to pick the most solid place. I was supposed to be the driver. But old Queen would watch his steps and when he was over and would beckon for us to come on, she would start and follow where he had gone. I could not guide her. She took us safely through them all. Poor old Queen, she was so tired that she went with head down toward the last. But when we came in sight of Fort Dodge, her head was up and she hurried on. She evidently thought we were coming to civilization.

That was Saturday. We rested Sunday and I called on Mrs. Ingham for we found that they lived there. Monday morning we started on again. We went through Webster City and Iowa Falls and the next Saturday reached Cedar Falls. The roads had been terrible. Once we counted fifty sloughs that were in sight at one time. When we reached Fairbanks, on Tuesday, the roads had been so bad and the team was so tired that Jason hired a man to help us. He hitched his team on our wagon and we hitched our team on his buggy and came the rest of the distance that way.

How anxiously we looked for familiar sights as we neared Fayette. We sometimes stood up in our eagerness to see what could be seen. When finally we saw College Hill and the top of the old Main Hall, the only building then, we nearly shouted.

We were ahead of the wagon which Grandfather and Grandmother Paine had seen and were watching, so we were at the gate before they knew us. Of course they were glad to see us. When the wagon arrived, we unloaded and placed little Eddie's casket on the porch and made arrangements for his burial.

Aunt Phebe and Uncle Winslow and Aunt Juliet and

Uncle Hiram were there the day we buried him. We had prayer and opened the casket. There he lay, just as his father had tucked him in, very natural and very pretty. A little mold had gathered on his face and when he had been exposed to the air, he began to change color. We had engaged Mr. Howe to come up and unsolder and solder again the little casket. As Mr. Howe was going home, he met Dr. Parker coming over. He told Dr. Parker that Eddie was as beautiful a baby as he had ever seen. He was dressed in his little white dress with the little silk and wool jacket that Aunt Juliet had made for him.

We laid his little body away to rest—his spirit had gone to God who had given him life. "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be His name." It was good to see him lying there so peaceful. Not a little finger had moved. I had felt every jolt of the wagon all that long distance fearing he would be shaken out of his place. But all was well.

We were home again and as soon as we could, we moved into our own house for it was empty. They asked me to take a class in painting and I taught that summer. Jason was not very well. He helped his father some in the nursery business and worked at other things as he could.

Another company was being formed for the war was not over. Jason received an appointment to go as chaplain but by the time the papers arrived, he was so poorly that they would not take him.

In the fall he went to conference again. When he returned he found me very sick with typhoid fever. He told me we were to move to Lowden. It seemed a great ways to me for I was so sick.

PART III.

THE PARSONAGE AND THE FAMILY

LOWDEN

AFTER my recovery from typhoid, we moved to Lowden. Jason had been down once, looked over the ground, preached, and when he came back, I was sufficiently recovered so that we could move. Jennie Johnson, Jason's cousin, went with us. We had a pleasant home and everything was comfortably arranged.

The people were very hospitable. We had been there but a few days before they came in with flour, meal, meat, plum butter and other things. They were very generous. I used to know who were the best cooks and the best sausage makers.

One day when Jason was away for a few days, someone brought in a turkey. I tied its feet and put it in the boiler and covered it. It rattled the boiler all night and kept us awake. I told Jennie in the morning that we would kill and dress it. So we took it out to the wood pile. She took hold of its head and I held its feet in one hand and wielded the axe with the other. I suppose that some would have been afraid to hold the head but no harm was done to anyone but the turkey.

The first winter we were there, Jason had a return of eye trouble. We had been holding revival meetings for four weeks. There had been lights setting on the pulpit

in front of him and their glare, together with the extra strain, caused his eyes to become badly inflamed. We used the same applications as before but they did not help. The light was so hard on him that I even had to stop up the keyholes. He doctored with this one and that and finally went to one of the best specialists in Chicago but his eyes were still so that he could not use them.

That spring Lincoln was assassinated. The people engaged a man to preach a memorial sermon but it rained and the man did not come. One of the men of the church came to see if Jason couldn't go over. He consented and I bandaged his eyes. He went over and gave a good address.

During the time that he had not been able to use his eyes and while he was in Chicago, I used to laugh and tell him that I made pastoral visits for him. This much I did do. I took subscriptions for the church papers and did what I could in calling and in Sunday-school work. Bro. Shearer was class-leader and led the prayer meetings. When he had to have a minister to preach, he engaged a man from Garrett Biblical Institute to help him.

Once when he started for Chicago for treatment, he had planned to go in the coach. Expenses had been heavy and he did not think he could afford a sleeper. One of his friends found out what his plans were and insisted on getting a berth for him. During the night he was awakened by a terrible jar and then realized that the train had stopped. He asked the porter what the matter was and was told that one of the cars was off the track. So he went to sleep again thinking that it would soon be fixed. When he awakened in the morning they were still stopped, and upon looking out of the window he discov-

ered that there had been a terrible wreck. A sleeper had telescoped the coach and everyone in it had been killed. It was a narrow escape for him.

Jason recovered so that he could bear the light better and I read to him so that he passed his examinations at conference in the fall and we returned to Lowden for another year. I had to do his reading for him and he would commit the hymns to memory.

While living there Jason joined the Masonic Lodge. There was no lodge at Lowden but they were organizing one at Wheaton and he was one of the charter members. Later, when he started to get a demit, they asked him to leave his membership there as there were so few charter members left and he did so. When one of our girls joined the Eastern Star, she obtained credentials from Wheaton.

They had never had Sabbath school in the winter. One Sunday morning during the early part of the second winter, when Jason was in Chicago and the superintendent was in Ohio, the assistant superintendent concluded that it was time for the school to close for the winter. Nothing had been said about it but when I went to the church it was locked. Two of the teachers were there and a good many of the pupils. I told them we would go over to the parsonage. I arranged the two teachers in the parlor with the older pupils and took all of the little ones into the kitchen. We had a good time and a good meeting.

Before the next Sunday, both the superintendent and Jason were at home and had heard my story. That day the church was opened and we had Sunday school all winter with a larger number attending than we had during the summer. Neither the children nor the young people had as many places to go in the winter as they had

in the summer. They continued having school the following winters and when we were back there two or three years later, they publicly gave me the credit for keeping up the Sunday school in winter.

When Christmas came, I wanted a tree but they could not see it that way. They had never had one and why should they? I told them that we would have some Christmas exercises. We prepared a program and made cornucopias out of bright paper which we filled with candy and nuts. These we carried over in a clothes basket. Christmas eve the church was crowded and the exercises went off well. We gave out the candy and nuts to the children and some of the older folks rolled in a barrel of apples and gave one to everybody.

There had been a big corn crop that year and it was so very cheap — only fifteen cents a bushel — that we burned it instead of wood. Jason had to go into Chicago again for treatment and the people of the church had promised to see that I was taken care of. One morning Jennie came in and said that there was not more than two pails of corn out there. She asked what we would do. I told her to bring it in and it would do for night and morning. As we were going out for the day we would not need any more until night. Jennie then asked what we would do the next day. "The Lord will provide," I answered.

When we returned at night, there was a load of corn in the barn. The rest of the story was told to Jason. Mr. Burhans was sitting reading in his home. All at once he heard as though some one spoke. "Take Sister Paine some corn." He decided he would when he went out to do his evening work. But the voice became more insistent until

he got up, hitched up his team, loaded his sleigh and went to the parsonage. When he reached the barn he found the crib was empty. He unloaded and went to the door and knocked, but received no answer. Then he noticed there was no smoke coming from the chimney. He finally found out from a neighbor that we had been all right in the morning. What the voice was, I cannot say. But I know he was informed of my need and the corn was provided. I can but feel that God's hand was in it and that God in some way spoke to Mr. Burhans.

A young man came to teach the village school the second winter we were in Lowden. He was received very cordially by the young people but for some reason there was a break among them and Mr. F. was left out. Thinking he might be lonely, we invited him to take tea with us one evening. He came and we had a very pleasant time. After tea Jason excused himself as he had an engagement. He told Mr. F. not to hurry but to stay and visit with me for a while, which he did.

Our conversation turned to personal salvation and I urged him to accept Christ as his Saviour. The evening passed pleasantly, and he went his way.

Years afterward, when Jason was attending General Conference in Cincinnati, someone called to him. He turned and saw a gentleman coming toward him with outstretched hand, who said, "You are Mr. Paine but you do not remember me." Jason looked at him a moment and said, "Yes, you taught school at Lowden when we were there." The man answered, "Yes, I have wanted to see you for some time. Is your wife here?" On receiving a negative reply, he said, "I have wanted to see her and thank her for the part she took in my conversion. After

leaving that night, I thought over what she had said and concluded to seek the Lord. It was not long before my conversion." He went on to say that he was a Presiding Elder in one of the Western Conferences and was there as a delegate to the General Conference. Afterward we heard of him as President of one of our Methodist colleges in Texas.

Late in the winter, Jason went to Fayette to see how his people were getting along. He found neither of them very well and said he thought I should go up and take care of them. I did not see how I could go for I still had to read for Jason but I finally started.

I took the train and came as far as I could and then took the stage. We rode along pretty well for a time but a thunder storm came up and the roads began to get muddy. The men would have to get out and sometimes they would almost have to pry the stage out of the mud. I made up my mind that it would be easier to leave the stage at the next stopping place, stay over night and hire a team to take me to Fayette. It was dark when the stage reached Strawberry Point. We got our supper there. I asked the inn-keeper if he could send me through in the morning. He thought he could and so I stayed and went to bed. The rest of the party went on in the stage but I had not gotten to sleep before the stage returned. The roads were so bad that they could not go on. In the morning the driver would not let me go with them so I had to go by myself. The inn-keeper sent with me a boy who had just come from the east and was green to western ways. We started and got along all right until we reached Mr. Cruzan's place. He was the man from whom we got Queen. As he came out to pilot us through the mud hole,

he said, "The stage just went along and one of the horses got in all over." "Is he in there yet?" my driver asked.

I reached Fayette at last. It had been a hard trip. In two or three weeks Jason arrived. He decided he could not get along without me and so he packed up and followed.

SEVEN YEARS OF CLOUDED SKIES

We had a hard time that summer. Jason's eyes bothered him and besides he had boils most of the summer. Mother Paine was not in good health and I was far from well. It was hard for me to do the work at Father Paine's for there were so many steps. We tried to get into our house but it was rented until fall. I used to work until I could not go any longer and then lie down and read to Jason. In that way, he got ready to pass his conference examinations again. However, his eyes were too bad for him to take an appointment.

And we had but little to do with that summer which made it all the harder. There was no money to buy things for my coming little one. All looked dark ahead. One day, when I was down in the little room where we slept, I knelt and told the Lord all about it. Then these words came to me as plain as though I had heard a voice, "Once I was young, now I am old, yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." I said, "I know, Lord, but it looks dark." That night, a letter came from Lowden with twenty dollars in it. The church there had paid the pastor and had that much left and had voted it to us. Then the man who was renting our house

drove up and paid the rent. Again my prayer was answered, and that promise, "Before thou callest, I will answer," was reiterated.

In the fall, we moved into our house and in October, Charles was born. He, too, had blue eyes but they were not the same blue that Eddie's had been. But we loved him just as much. I did not have as much time to play with him as I had had with Eddie for there was so much to do. He was a good baby and from childhood was always unselfish, always trying to do what he could to help me.

Father's eyes were so he could see to get around but he could not see to read any. During the seven years that they troubled him, he did what he could to make a living for us. One time, he was in the boot and shoe business with T. Fowells, and another time he was in the furniture business with Shoemaker.

Early in the spring of 1869, Uncle Hiram came down and told us that the supervisors had chosen Jason for county auditor and wanted him to go to West Union at once. He went back with Uncle Hiram and was elected to fill a vacancy until the following fall. We moved up there for the summer and after election came back to Fayette.

Someone told us that if we would spend the winter in the mountains of the south, it would be good for Jason's eyes. So we started. On the way down we fell in with Mr. and Mrs. Clark and a man by the name of Benson. They were very pleasant and we enjoyed being with them. One morning, we noticed that another man on the train was watching our party and especially was he keeping an eye on Mr. Benson. We could not understand it. Once Mr.

Benson got off of the train when it stopped and the other man did likewise. When Mr. Benson got back on the train, the man followed him. It became quite exciting. At that time the southerners were not feeling kindly toward the people of the north and the Ku-Klux-Klan was very active. But nothing happened and we finally separated. Later we received a letter from Mr. Benson, saying he had met the other man and found out that he was watching us because he was lonesome, and we seemed to be having a good time together. He was advance agent for some Bell-Ringers and got off at stations to try to book concerts. So our mystery was solved.

It snowed as we were going up the mountain and after we got there. The mountain people said it was because there were so many northerners down there. And we found out later that they really believed it.

We had taken some of Charley's picture books down with us. They had been read to him so many times that he knew the stories by heart. One day, we found him "reading" to another boy, much older who was greatly impressed that so young a child should know how to read, for Charley was only three years old.

Jason got out of collars one day and went to the store to get a new box. He was shown a box that had the name K.K.K. He looked at it and read the name. Then, looking at the proprietor, asked if they had any others. The man looked him in the eye and with a very significant inflection said, "That is the kind that you had better wear." Jason did not discuss the matter with him, but bought the collars. That was the attitude of the people, but we were careful and had no trouble with them.

In the spring we went back to Fayette. I was not very strong and my back troubled me a lot. One day, Grandma Barnard said to me, "Margaret, I am afraid that you are not going to get well." I said to her, "Grandma, if the Lord sees that my family need me, I will get well." Such was my faith.

We wonder sometimes how people got along as well as they did in those days when there were so few conveniences in comparison with what we have now. And we also wonder how the doctors could do as well as they did at that time. I remember that one day I noticed considerable commotion at Mr. Barnard's. They lived just east of us. Finally I saw the doctor going there and then saw some men who acted queerly come out of the house. So I went over. As I went into the room, the doctor said, "Come here and help me. I guess you can stand it without fainting." In some way, Mr. Barnard had had his thumb cut off. The doctor was trying to pick up the blood vessels and tie them. After he had picked one up, he needed to have someone hold it while he tied it. Some of the men who were there had tried to do it, but one after another they became faint. I did it, but my arm was lame for a week. I had to hold it so steady.

Jason taught Latin in the college during the winter. He learned his text so that he did not need a book. And he remembered it so well, even in later years, that when his grandchildren wanted help in Caesar or Cicero, he could translate if they would read him the Latin. And in some places, he did not need to have the Latin read. Two of his Latin students still living are, Mrs. Sarah Buckley Taintor and Dr. D. M. Parker.

Not long after this, Amy came to live with us. There was joy in the household. Charley was delighted with his little sister. He would hover over her as she lay by my side. "Mamma," he said to me one day, "I am going to build a little house out there on the west porch for sister and me to live in." He was always good to his sisters and took care of them when I left them with him.

At this time the railroad was coming into town. The surveyors had made their report and decided it would be best to run the track around the hill instead of cutting through it. They reported that it would cost too much to go through the hill. Jason did some figuring on it and had a chance to present his estimate to the one in charge. It was much less than the estimate made by the regular surveyors over the other route. The man looked it over and had Jason's figures checked. It was decided to make the cut. In making this estimate, Jason paced the top, guessed the height with the memory of measurements he had made as a student by means of a quadrant which he himself had made. He did the figuring in his head. After the road was completed, it was found that the estimate made by Jason was very close to the actual cost. So, in a way, he was responsible for the railroad cut near Fayette. It is about sixty feet high and eighty rods long.

Jason obtained the job of furnishing piling for the railroad. Being unable to see much or long at a time, it was hard for him to pick out his trees. He would manage this way. He would tell the owner what kind of trees he wanted. The man would take him to a tree and Jason would look up once, take it all in with a glance, mark the tree and then they would go on to the next.

Early in January, 1873, he went to Cresco for piling. He and Bro. Fall went several miles to some woods. They were looking around when all of a sudden, a storm came up. It increased so rapidly that they hurried to shelter. The place where they stopped had just been having a barn raising. Supper was all ready but most of the men decided they would better go home before the storm became too bad. Some stayed and by the time supper was over, the storm was so bad they did not dare to try to travel. It was several days before they could leave the place. When the storm finally stopped and the men left, the drifts were so high in places that they could walk on the top of the drifts and sit down to rest on the top of the telegraph poles. We heard later that the roads through western Minnesota were not opened until June. As fast as the road was dug out, or before, another snow would come. In the spring, when the snow melted, so many bridges were washed out that it took, as I said, until June to get the roads open.

It was very bad at Fayette. For four weeks, there was no communication through by mail. As there were no telephones, I knew nothing and could hear nothing. You can imagine how worried I was. Finally Jason came on the first train down. The train went through drifts, then, that were as high as the cars. There was joy when he arrived. A great load of anxiety had been lifted.

The next spring, a man came along selling eyecups. He explained the use and working of the cup. As it looked reasonable, Jason decided to try one. He used it during the summer and by fall his eyes were so improved that he decided to take work in the conference again.

Amy had a very sick spell that summer. A great many of the small children were sick and several died. We had been up to Aunt Juliet's and she drank of their soft water. I concluded after the second illness that it must be the water. She was very hard to take care of, for she would not let any one touch her or push her buggy except her father or me. She seemed to be able to tell, though she could not see the person. We called her fretful but I suppose the psychologist now would have another word for it.

POSTVILLE

Jason went to conference in the fall and was appointed to the charge at Postville. On the Sunday after conference, he was there and preached and looked at the parsonage. He reported that it was in bad shape but they had promised to fix it up. The next week, he was there again but nothing had been done. But he thought they would get it ready and we started up with our goods. I stopped over night with Juliet and went on the next day. We were invited to stop at Mr. Sanders' home and there met Mr. Solon Finney.

When Jason went over to the parsonage, he found that nothing had been done. I told him to make inquiries of some of the outside people as to where he could get someone to hang paper and then to get some cloth and paste over where the plaster was gone. It seemed it never had but one coat of plaster and it was so rough.

He got a paper hanger but the man had to leave after papering the bedroom so the work was delayed. I went

over the day he finished. We made a bed for Amy on the table and stuffed something in the several broken windows and went to work. Amy had been sick again while we were at Mr. Sanders' as a result of change of water.

Mrs. McCormick came and took in the situation and asked if she couldn't do something to help. I told her that my dishes were in the barrel and if she would take them out and wash them, I would be very grateful. It helped me a great deal for, with a sick baby, it was hard to get much done. That night Jason set up a bed in the kitchen and Amy and I slept there as it was warmer and he and Charley slept in the bedroom. Amy awakened in the night and I could not get her to sleep. Jason got up and walked the floor with her and finally she dozed off. It was then three o'clock and I got up and we went to work. When we saw lights around, Jason went out and begged some sour milk to make pancakes.

It was quarterly meeting that day, Saturday, but Jason got a carpet down and some things in place before he had to go. Bro. Smith, the Presiding Elder, tried in vain to find a woman to help us. After quarterly meeting, some of the men came in to help put up the stove. Others came and brought feed for the horses. As Bro. Finney went through the kitchen, he said, "Sister Paine, I do not know when anyone has been received here this way." "Bro. Finney," I answered, "I think we shall live through it." I think Jason's talk had set them to thinking.

We got the house cleaned, finally. Henry Allen, a colored man who had worked for us at Fayette, walked in one day and we got him to stay and help us. He washed the ceiling in the kitchen and cleaned out the cellar. That was awful. There were so many rats there and they had

dug the cellar bottom all up. Henry worked steadily for hours carrying out dirt. We had to fight rats and bedbugs all of the time. Once a lady came to look over the church records and we found a bedbug pressed between the leaves. I remarked that I was afraid that people would find them on our clothes. "Well," she said, "people will not blame you. They know the old house is full of them."

After we had been there a few weeks, several of the people came with donations one night. Among the number were Bro. Finney, the Motts and the Sanders. Others had planned to come but it was a very rainy night. Bro. Finney would not wait for a pleasant one, for, he said, they had waited too long already. He told me that night that he had never seen the house look so well.

It seems that the story had gone around that Bro. Smith was provoked with them for something they had done and had sent them an old blind man to get even. They in turn, were provoked and had decided not to accept him. But they found we were different from what they thought. Things grew pleasanter and the three years that we spent there were among the most enjoyable years that we spent in the ministry.

A neighbor came to the door one Saturday evening and asked permission to put a span of horses in our barn; we supposed for over Sunday. He said a friend had come and he had no room for the team. The next morning while Jason was dressing for church, the man came and began hitching up the team. His wagon was filled with fruit trees. I took some tracts and going out, told him that I was sorry that he thought it necessary to deliver trees on the Sabbath. I gave him the tracts and asked him if he would not read them while he journeyed.

At a supper at the church the next fall, the young man came up and spoke to Jason. After greeting him, the young man asked if I were there. On being told that I was not, he said, "I wanted to tell her that I read those tracts on keeping the Sabbath. I concluded I was doing wrong and felt so badly, that on reaching Waukon, I went into a revival meeting that was being held there. When the invitation was given, I went forward and was converted. I wanted to tell Mrs. Paine about it."

During the second winter, I received a message that if I wanted to see Juliet alive, I must go to her at once. We had had a heavy snow and the roads had been closed for days. I started on the first train that came along taking Amy with me. We were not at all sure that we would get through, but we did. Juliet had pneumonia and lived only a few days after I reached her. She and I had been so close to each other that it was hard to see her laid away. Her family needed her so much, I could not understand why she had to go. She left three children, Ella, Florence and Elbert. Ella afterward married Ed Sears and they had two daughters, Edith and Florence. Florence married Joseph Andrews; they had one daughter Edna. Elbert married Margaret Smith; their four children are Fred H., Agnes, Philip and Eugene. Ella and Florence are both dead.

As summer came on, we decided to have concerts of a temperance and missionary nature given by the children once a month. They became so popular that the Baptist Church joined us.

When the children were practicing one day, Amy became very much interested and wanted to learn a piece to speak. So we taught her one beginning, "I am a little

soldier only two years old." She could not talk very plain and when she recited it, although they could hear her all over the house, they could not understand much of what she was trying to say. By the time she was through the first verse, there was an uproar of laughter throughout the audience. As it died away her father told her to go on. She finished it but of course she did not do as well. When she reached home, she complained that the men and boys laughed at her.

We lost her one day and hunted quite a while. Her father finally found her behind the tall corn in the garden digging potatoes. "Why," he said, "you must not dig potatoes. You can't dig them clean." To which she replied, "I can dig them dirty then."

The next summer I was miserable most of the time. During the heat of summer, Mr. Wells went from house to house selling ice cream. It was a new thing then and could not be obtained at any time at the drug stores as it can now. He would often stop at the parsonage and treat us all. We surely appreciated it.

Louie was born in August and this time there were two children to welcome the baby. It had been very hot and I was still not strong when at Conference we were moved to Cresco.

We were sorry to leave Postville but we had stayed the three years then allowed. A great many of the friendships we made there have been pleasant memories in all of the years since. The Stowes, the Burlings, the Staffords, the Beedys, Mrs. Burhans who was often bringing little dresses or aprons to Amy, Mrs. Moore—I often think of them. The wife of the brewer who lived just below us—Jason buried their baby—brought me a potted carnation.

She could not have given me anything that I prized more. I kept it carefully until we left Cresco and then gave it to Mrs. Fall. She could enjoy its fragrance though she could not see its beauty.

Then there was the Sanders family with whom we kept in touch until now only two of the children are left. The John S. Mott family we have always counted among the friends that have continued through the years. Charles and John R. were continually together while we lived there. I remember that he came over to the parsonage one Saturday soon after we moved in. Very diplomatically he explained that, as it was his first visit, his mother thought he would better not stay more than two hours. "But," he added, "don't you think Charley can come over next Saturday and stay four hours?" The boys corresponded after we left there and later renewed their friendship when John R. came to Upper Iowa. Mr. and Mrs. Mott visited us frequently while John R. was at Fayette and continued their visits while we were on the farm and later when we moved back to town. Mr. Mott was very feeble the last time they were there and when they both passed on, we counted two more who would meet us when we reached Home.

With the Solon Finney family, we had the pleasure of becoming even better acquainted. When their oldest son was ready for college, they moved to Fayette where Mr. Finney was in business for several years. The two families became very close; Myra assisted at Louie's wedding and Margaret baked the cake for Myra's. Mrs. Finney came out to be with us when Grandmother Paine died. Jason preached Mrs. Finney's funeral sermon, and Mr. Finney was with us when Jason left us. When Mr. Finney's body

was brought back from the west for burial, the children were all with us; we felt that they belonged with us. Through the years since Mrs. Finney died and the home was broken up, I do not believe one of the children have come back to Fayette on business or for pleasure without coming to see us.

After all, it is the friends we make and keep that make life worth while.

CRESCO

The church at Cresco did not own a parsonage but they rented a house for us. It was a little better than the one at Postville. That winter there was a scourge of diphtheria at Postville and scarcely a child was left. James McAdam used to write us every day telling of the sick and dying. And we in turn would write to the stricken ones.

There was a good deal of feeling at Cresco on the liquor question. After conferring with the W. C. T. U. Jason held temperance services every Sunday evening, instead of the regular preaching services. The people became not only very enthusiastic over the meetings, but the feeling waxed warm. In the meantime, Jason without the knowledge of anyone else, had procured the services of Mr. Orson Crissey of Fayette, to act as detective. While the meetings were going on, he would do his work. He secured a number of pint bottles. Taking one to a saloon, he would buy his liquor, take it to his room and label it with the purchase price, together with the day and hour of purchase and from whom purchased.

A lawyer, in the meantime, was working also. He came to our house one Sunday night and asked Jason if he hadn't better get out the papers and raid the saloons in the morning. He said the saloon folks were beginning to mistrust something, they were talking on the corners. Jason told him to commence at midnight if he thought best but not on the Sabbath. In the morning it was snowing. They procured a sleigh and gathered up the women of the W. C. T. U. and took them to the home of their president. When they reached there, Jason and the lawyer were there. The lawyer explained to the ladies what they were there for. He then picked up a paper against a certain saloon and asked who would sign the information. This was something to the effect that the signer believed liquor had been sold at that place. When the ladies were asked who would sign, there was a silence at first. Then the president, Mrs. F. said she would sign it. He went through the list and one after another, the ladies signed the informations. These ladies knew nothing of the detective who had been there nor did they know of the legal proceedings that were necessary. But they did know that they wanted the saloons closed. The lawyer put the papers in the hands of the sheriff who proceeded to serve them and seize the liquor.

One druggist, that they had thought to spare, thinking that perhaps he was not selling, remarked that he most wished that they had served papers on him for fear the rest would think them partial. The men thought that if he wished it, it should be done and they proceeded to serve papers on him. They were well rewarded for they found a large amount of liquor. The trials were held and the excitement ran high. The liquor men got a can-

non and loaded it with sand and fired it at our house, but it did no damage.

The attorneys had a new set of papers served on the saloon keepers every half day. This got on their nerves and after two big cases had been tried in court they gave up. Then the liquor that had been seized was spilled; about three thousand dollars' worth. The most fashionable saloon had been operated by Capt. H., who had served under General Grant. At first he was all for fight. He "had seen that thing tried before." A few days later he told some one, "General Grant was mighty smart. He planned some big campaigns, but the man that planned this one beat General Grant all out. By ——! They just got us."

Jason brought speakers in and kept up the meetings during the trials. He wished that he had planned for correspondents to outside papers. He followed with a Sunday school convention and that in turn with revival meetings in which there were fifty converted. Things quieted down but for a long time they would not let Jason go around alone at night. When I was in Cresco in 1927, the lady who was president of the W. C. T. U. called and during the visit remarked that they had never had open saloons since that time.

One of the men converted was an inn-keeper. He was a hard drinker and kept a saloon in the basement of the hotel. Some did not want so wicked a man to join the church, but Jason replied to such that "Christ came to call sinners to repentance." That man would come to prayer meeting night after night bringing four or five of his guests. His wife had left him and had gone east to her friends and had procured a divorce. The man

came to Jason and asked about marrying again. They read together what the Bible said about it. We heard afterward that he got into communication with his former wife. She came to Cresco and was around there for a while and finally they were married again.

While we were in Cresco, we began to hear of the telephone and the phonograph. The superintendent of the city schools was very much interested in these new inventions and bought both a telephone set and a phonograph. He showed the boys how to rig up amateur telephones. One evening he exhibited his phonograph to a gathering. It was not very plain but we could understand, "My compliments to the ladies and gentlemen of Cresco." People experimented with those things then as they did with the radio fifty years later.

Louie was a little less than a year old when, one day, we decided to go to Florenceville, and visit Mrs. Barnard's people. After dinner, Mrs. Barnard wanted us to go across the river and see the mill that Mr. Barnard had built. Mr. S. was running it. We all went over in the boat and looked over the mill. Then Jason and Charley decided that they wanted to go to the town that was just over the line in Minnesota. So Amy, Baby and I were left with Mr. and Mrs. S. to go back in the boat. Mrs. S. was in a delicate condition, but wanted to carry the baby down the hill to the boat. I told her I would carry the baby down and then she could take her while I went back for Amy. I handed Louie to her and started back. She immediately stepped into the boat that had been brought up to the bank of the mill race where the water was ten feet deep. Some way she lost her balance and sat down over the end of the boat. Mr. S. caught

one of her hands, but could not lift her up, as she was holding the baby in the other. He could not pull her up with one hand. I finally told him to take Louie by her clothes at the waist and hand her to me. He did, and I, standing on the steep hillside, reached out and got her. Then he was able to pull his wife into the boat. I asked him to take her across and then come for us where the water was more shallow. I have often wondered why Louie's weight did not over-balance me as I reached out and took her. It would have been so easy for both of us to pitch into the water. Both Mrs. S. and Louie were quite wet. When we reached the house, Mrs. Barnard gave me some clothes for Louie to put on. They were her first short clothes.

One very pleasant feature of our stay in Cresco was that we renewed our acquaintance with Bro. Fall's people who lived there at that time. When Father and Mother Paine lived in Wisconsin, their nearest neighbors were Bro. Fall's family. He was a local preacher.

Jason had no brothers or sisters and the four Fall daughters, who had no brothers, adopted him. As long as they lived they called each other brother and sister. One daughter lived in Cresco at that time and her daughter, Dora, was just about the age of our Louie. The friendship, begun in Wisconsin nearly a century ago, still exists between the grand-children and the great-grand-children today.

Another friendship that has endured is with the members of the Simonds family. At that time Mrs. Simonds was one of Cresco's efficient teachers. Later, when Mr. Simonds died, Mrs. Simonds came to Fayette to educate the three younger children, all of whom were graduated

from Upper Iowa. Mrs. Simonds almost at once became affiliated with the interests of the town, the church and the college. She looked after others, often working beyond her strength, for if anyone needed help, Mrs. Simonds was the first to know of it. As one expressed it, "Her presence was like a benediction." When she died, the number who went to the house for one last look at their friend was an unmistakable tribute of their love and esteem.

When they came here, the oldest son, George, had recently entered West Point. Mildred, the oldest daughter, was living with an uncle in Wisconsin and attending school there. George went to the Philippines as a lieutenant when he finished West Point, and was on General Pershing's staff during the World War.

After her mother's death, Mildred went to India, and for about twenty-five years has had a marked success as an evangelist. When at home on furloughs, some of her time is spent speaking for missionary interests. As she is sent out from this Branch, her work is in this territory, and so, during that time, she makes our home her home, and is always a very welcome guest. She was with us when Jason left us and I do not know what we should have done without her.

Katie graduated in Louie's class. When her daughter, Ruth Margaret, was being treated at Rochester, the two were here during the interval between the two sympathectamy operations, for Katie, as well as her younger brother and sister, live in the west. I was so glad we could have them with us. Katie had buried her husband just before, but was so sweet and brave.

Cresco was a hard place for me, because when we went there Louie was a wee baby and was sick so much of the time. She was very slow, too, in learning to walk. Louie was only twenty-two months old when Margaret was born and then I had two babies. But Margaret was not sick, as Amy and Louie had been.

Before Margaret was born, I bought a large doll for Amy, because she had helped me so much when I was not well and we did not have a hired girl. I remember, when I was dressing it, some of the ladies called. They thought I was so foolish to spend time dressing the doll when I was not feeling well. But I was determined that Amy should have a doll and that it should be nicely dressed.

Margaret was born in June and we all loved her. She has always been a blessing to us. I don't know what I should have done without her. As a cousin used to say, "The corners of her mouth always go up."

That fall we moved again, and this time to Monticello.

MONTICELLO

There was a nice parsonage at Monticello. It was in the same yard as the church; the side door of the parsonage was only about eighteen feet from the back door of the church. The large lawn was a fine place for the children of the neighborhood to gather. It used to seem as if some child was there most of the time. In the spring Amy started to school. She had learned to read when playing school at Cresco and was put in the second grade.

One day we heard that we were going to have a surprise pound party. When the people arrived, we tried to ap-

pear very much surprised and as the children knew nothing of it, their actions, at least, were natural. While examining the gifts, some of the ladies discovered one marked, "From an uninvited friend." Of course they were much excited and decided that the best thing to do was to send it over to a neighbor. Later it developed that the young daughter of one of the ladies who had charge of the invitations, did it as a joke.

That summer the church voted to hold a camp-meeting out a little way north of town across the river. Jason had a board tent and there were several other tents there. One night a terrible thunder storm came up. It seemed as if there was a constant flash of lightning all night. I could not sleep and was up most of the night looking out of first one window and then another. As soon as it was light, I wakened Charley and he hitched up old Jennie to the buggy and started for the camp ground. I was afraid the lightning might have struck out there. The river was out of its banks and running around the bridge on the town side but he forded it all right. His father saw him coming and met him at the bridge, told him that they were all right and had him turn around and go right back. When he reached the other side, he noticed that the river had risen two inches while he was going across and back. It was hub deep and swift.

At that time, Louie was a cute little girl with yellow curls and a sweet smile. Whenever she would go to the grocery store with any of us, the proprietor would take her behind the counter and fill her pockets with candy and peanuts. We tried to keep her from eating too many but evidently we failed. Early in the fall, she complained

of being so tired. Fever developed and the doctor despaired of her life.

When she was first taken sick, in reading, I happened to turn to the passage telling of the little girl who was very sick and her father went to Christ and said, "My little daughter lieth at the point of death: I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her that she may be healed; and she shall live." It startled me when I read it. When we had prayers that night, I repeated that verse. Jason asked himself what it meant. We neither of us knew. But Louie went down to death's door and God in His goodness raised her up. I think He must have laid His hands on her. She was a long time getting well so she had to learn to walk again. Margaret had learned to walk in the meantime.

On account of Louie's sickness, Jason had not been up to see his folks since in the fall. One morning, early in January, he received a message that his father had died. He had been taken sick early in the evening but the doctor who was summoned did not tell Mother Paine how sick he was. Had Jason been notified, he might have reached Fayette about ten o'clock the evening before his father died. As it was, Mother was all alone except for a young man who was sleeping in the house.

We took Mother Paine back to live with us. She hated to leave her friends in Fayette but there was no one there with whom she could live. She was only about sixty years old, they do not consider that very old today, but we thought her an old lady.

While Louie was getting well, some one gave her a little yellow rat terrier. She would go around with her dog, "Mis Jinks", she called her, on one arm and her

little yellow chair in her other hand. When she was tired she would sit in the chair and hold her dog. It was a rule that "Mis Jinks" should be shut up during church time. One hot Sunday night, Jason was on his knees offering prayer when "Mis Jinks" walked in the church door near the pulpit. She stood and looked at Jason for a moment and then began barking. Jason finished the prayer and then walked over to where the dog was and picking her up by the nape of the neck, put her out of the church. Strange to say, "Mis Jinks" disappeared before the next Sunday.

Jason's health was very poor that summer and he felt that he could not preach any longer. I think that the long strain of the sore eyes had affected his nerves to the extent that he could not stand as much as he otherwise could have stood. Then, too, his father was gone and his mother was with us as I said. It seemed a great task to move her around from place to place. It was hard for her to go upstairs and most houses did not have bedrooms downstairs. So we decided that we had better move back to Fayette. Mother Paine went to Fayette before Conference and at Conference, Jason superannuated and we came back to the house my Mother gave me. And that ended our itineracy.

PART IV.

FARMING AND SCHOOLING

WE START AGAIN

IT SEEMED strange to be settling down in Fayette again. There had been a good many changes in the seven years we had been away. When we went, there were only two children and Amy was a baby. Now there were four and Amy was beginning to do fancy work, was learning to cook and had a quilt almost finished as a proof of her knowing how to sew. When we left, Charles had not started to school. When we returned he started into the preparatory department of the college. Amy, of course, attended the graded school. Louie and Margaret were still the babies. Louie was sensitive, shy and nervous; very proper and later very studious. Margaret was friendly and adventurous; a happy-go-lucky baby but she seldom got into mischief.

One day when Jason stayed at home from church, Louie and Margaret were playing in the little bedroom and Louie was evidently telling Margaret about Heaven. Her father heard her say,

"And there all day,
The children stay
And watch the little angels play."

Jason always remembered the words. Louie couldn't have been more than four or five years old.

We had kept Margaret's hair rather short and one day the two little girls heard me say that I would have to have her hair cut. Not long afterward they came out of the bedroom hand in hand. I looked up and exclaimed, "What have you done with Margaret's hair?" Louie had cut Margaret's hair and of course it was jagged. They explained later, that they had hid the hair in the cupboard thinking that I would not know of it if I did not see the hair.

Louie was always very handy with the shears. When she was two or three years old, she would snip everything she could find. Once she cut a buff table-spread full of holes.

Many of our friends had left Fayette and I was so busy that I did not get acquainted very fast with the newcomers. But it did seem good to be back among my own people. Of course Juliet was gone and I still continued to miss her. But Phebe was still living down near Lima and we would frequently see each other. Orville had married Anna Payne; their two children are Ethel and Kittie. Aurelia was just recovering from a severe illness; she had been in bed for three years. Genia was a little older than Amy and nothing pleased Amy more than to go down to stay a few days with her. Later Genia married Joshua Davis. They have three children, Bessie, Gertrude and Kenneth. All of Phebe's children and grandchildren are living in California.

William also was still living on his farm near West Union. He and Julia Ann had six children. Soon after we returned to Fayette, Addison married Clara McCleary and Gertrude married John Shaw. Gertrude and John had two children, Herbert and Muriel. Later Carrie

married John Blunt. Hardy married Grace Tylor; their two children are Karl and Phyllis. Herbert married Mary Wright from our old home at South Hero. He and Charles are about the same age. Herbert and Mary have one daughter, Florence. Cora, William's youngest daughter is living in Chicago. Jason officiated at the weddings of Addison, Hardy and Genia.

The first winter we were back in Fayette was a very stormy one. The railroads were often blocked for days at a time. Once when the first train came in, the children received four numbers of the "Youth's Companion." That time it had been over three weeks that we had had no mail.

About the time school was out that spring, Amy came down with the whooping-cough. We had supposed that Charles and Amy had had it in Postville. Amy had contracted something while at West Union and Charles had caught it from her. They whooped all right, but evidently it was not the real thing. But this time there was no mistake; it was the old-fashioned whooping-cough. It was not long before the other three were coughing too.

The doctor thought that if he vaccinated them, they might not have it so hard. The vaccination made Louie quite sick but she had the whooping-cough the lightest. Margaret would almost go into convulsions sometimes and Amy used to lose her breath during a hard coughing spell. Once she started to a neighbor's and got to coughing on the way. The next thing she knew she was picking herself up from the ground where she had fallen. It was a hard summer for all of us.

In the fall of 1881, John R. Mott, who had played with Charles when he lived in Postville, came to Fayette to

college. His mother wrote me that the reason she sent John to Fayette was because she had heard me say that Upper Iowa never turned out infidels. The two boys belonged to the same literary society and John usually was at our house for Sunday dinner. When he did not feel well he would come over and stay with Charles.

One day Charles told his father that John was very much discouraged because he had never been able to win in the debates of the society and said that if he did not win the next time he was going to quit and go home. His father told him to tell John to come down to the house and he would talk the debate over with him. John came down and Jason discussed it with him, arranged his points and showed him how to present them. Of course John won the debate for Jason was a very good debater himself and understood how to help anyone else. I am told that since then, John has given Jason credit for keeping him in school. Later, John made quite a reputation at Upper Iowa as a debater and was the first to win when the plan of preparing on both sides of the question and drawing for sides just before the debate, was inaugurated.

The campaign for the prohibitory amendment opened in the spring of 1882. Jason was very active making prohibition speeches and in doing what he could to help the cause. Prof. H. E. Hurd worked with him a good deal of the time. The election was held June 27 and the amendment carried by thirty thousand. Later, it was declared unconstitutional because of a technicality.

About that time Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hunt moved into the house just east of us. They had one girl about Margaret's age and a boy younger. The four children had great times together. When they could not go to see each

other, the four would sit on the boards of the fence and visit for hours at a time. The friendship between Alice and Margaret was kept up and Alice used to stay with us when they came back to Fayette on a visit. Margaret attended Alice's wedding and recently Alice made us a little visit. It always seems good when childhood friendships are continued through life.

Mrs. Hunt wanted to copy a painting of Lake Como. I decided to paint one too and keep mine a little ahead of hers. In that way it was easier for me to help her. That, with some flowers painted about the same time, was all the painting I did after Amy was a baby. I used to long to get at my painting but we had so many things to do that I never had the time. And now that I have so much time, I haven't the eyesight or the strength.

During the latter part of September, all of this part of Iowa was very much excited over the shooting of Marion Shepard by the Barber boys. These Barbers had been stealing horses and Mr. Shepard, acting as deputy sheriff, had tried to arrest them. The shooting occurred near Lima and of course the whole country side was aroused.

Jason came up from town the day following the shooting and said that there was a crowd starting out to hunt the Barbers, and he was going with them. But the horse that he rode was lame and Charles was allowed to go in his stead. Charles was only fifteen and too young for such an experience, but he went. This crowd started out east and Charles rode with George Whitley. As they separated, each crowd was to take a certain direction and report later at Grannis' Mill. As the two rode along Grannis' Hollow, Mr. Whitley kept telling Charles to

look for tracks. Finally they saw the fresh tracks of two horses going off into the brush. It was decided that Mr. Whitley would stay there and watch while Charles went for the rest. He had just reached the others when George Penrod came up and said that they, the Barbers, had been seen off south of town. Without waiting to investigate the tracks, they all started off. Later, the two horses that the Barbers had been riding were found within ten minutes' ride from where they found the tracks. They decided that the false report had been given to help the fugitives.

The Barbers made their escape and spent the winter in Oklahoma but the next summer came back and hid in the swamps east of Sumner where their sister lived. She probably furnished them with food. When it got cool again they were driven to cover and stopped for supper one night at a farm-house near Waverly. The farmer recognized them and signaled his wife to be slow in preparing the meal. Then he began scolding his sons for some carelessness and sent them to repair the damage. As he followed the boys out of doors to give final instructions, he sent them to the neighbors for help. They finally succeeded in taking both Barbers but one of the farmers was killed. The Barbers were taken to the county jail at Waverly but a mob took them from the jail and hung them. They are buried in Dunham Grove Cemetery. Charles said not long ago that in the few days following the shooting of Mr. Shepard, the streets of Fayette looked like the pictures of the "Wild West". The horse back riders were all armed for fighting.

I remember on Children's Day the next summer, as I was going up the aisle, I heard someone whisper, "Hello, Maggie Kent", and felt someone pull my dress. I turned

and saw Luther Waterbury smiling at me. It seemed good to see him again. Poor Luther! His wife had died and left him with two children, one a little older and one a little younger than Charles. They stayed with their grandparents that summer and Luther wanted them to take drawing lessons of me. So I had quite a little class for Luther's two and our three older children worked with me every forenoon. With this family we have another case of the friendship lasting to the third generation. Luther's granddaughter and Louie's Betty became fast friends in college and the friendship still exists.

Luther had belonged to "our set" but he was more friendly than some. He always called me Maggie. It was a name given me by the Fayette young people. Irwin Comstock, who was a neighbor of ours when Mother was alive, also called me Maggie. Young people did not often call each other by their given names then as they do now. It always seemed good out west here, when we were all strangers, that there should be two or three with whom one did not have to be so formal.

It seems as though the people are constantly changing. There are only a few families here who were here when I came. I say families; I think I am the only one left who was grown at the time. There are some still living who were babies then, but they are old men and women now.

During the summer, Charles went down to Lima to get Amy who had been visiting Genia for a few days. On the way home, something happened to the harness and he jumped from the buggy to fix it. It was sandy there and his foot turned in the sand spraining his ankle very badly. When school opened, he was still going on crutches.

During the winter, we decided that we would better go out on one of the farms that Jason had bought. We thought we could at least make enough to live on.

One of the farms was less than a mile and a half from town. We thought if we moved there, it would be easier for the children to attend a good school, for the farm is in the Fayette school district. So we rented this place and moved out there the first of March, 1884.

WE MOVE TO THE FARM

When the renters moved out of the house on the farm, it was not in shape for us to move in but someone had to be there to take care of the stock. So we loaded up a few things and taking a woman to help clean, started for the farm. Amy had asked if she could not keep house for her father until the rest of us could move up. We fixed the house up as well as we could in the short time and went back to town, leaving Amy and her father to carry on.

Well I remember that day when we drove up to the back door. The hogs were out and running all around. But they were shut up very soon and I do not remember of their being in the door-yard afterward. The renters had cut a piece about eight inches square out of the bottom of the back door and hung it with leather hinges so it would swing back and forth. It was the dog's exit. We were not long in fixing it so that we could keep out the cat that had been left behind. This cat had evidently been kept out before. After the rest of us had moved to the farm, Margaret was sitting in her high-chair at break-

fast one morning and when no one was looking she reached down with a morsel and stroked the cat drawing her hand down its back and up its tail. When she reached the tip of the tail she found about two inches of it in her hand. She was very frightened at what she had done for she loved the cat, and we had quite a time consoling her. I suppose its tail had been frozen or hurt and that part was about to drop off and her stroking it had hurried up the matter.

The house had only four rooms down stairs and the chambers were not done off. Two of the rooms were about fifteen feet square. One little bedroom was about eight by eight feet and the other room was about eight feet wide and eighteen or twenty feet long. We used one of the large rooms for dining room and living room and the long room for a kitchen and the other two rooms for bedrooms. It was very crowded and not very comfortable. And there were bedbugs!

But, oh the sunsets! It seemed to me that I had never seen such sunsets. We were on high ground and there was nothing to interfere with our seeing the sun go down in all its splendor. With the old house in the condition it was, and it seemed hardly livable, it was a source of great pleasure to watch the sun go down. It paid. I feel that I am rich for my memory drawer. I can draw forth many beautiful pictures and though my vision is dim, I can see them as plainly as ever. One dark night, two or three years ago, I chanced to look out of my window and God's jewel box was opened up. Such a display as I saw! I have seen nothing like it since and cannot expect to again. I presume you see them often; if you do, treasure these pictures up for they will give you pleasure in after years.

The forty acres where the house was had been known as the Blaisdale place. The forty west had had a house down at the "Furry Corner" but it was gone when we went there. We picked some strawberries the first year from an old bed there. This forty and the Bouie twenty that was farther west, still had quite a lot of native timber. And there was a lot of grubbing that had to be done. They would dig out the grubs and bring them to the house where we would burn them in the furnace. The first winter we were there Jason put in a furnace for it would have taken too many stoves to heat the house. In this way, fuel did not cost us much. Across south from the west forty, was the woods pasture where we kept the cattle.

The Bouie twenty was not quite complete for Mr. Bouie had given the Catholics enough for a cemetery—"Mary's graveyard", as Margaret used to call it. Soon after we went there, we had a hired girl who was a Catholic and Margaret, who was only five years old, concluded the cemetery belonged to Mary.

This Mr. Bouie had evidently been fond of liquor and when drunk had often abused his family. It is related that some of the neighbors decided that they would not stand such behavior. One night they took him from the house and strung him up until he decided to promise he would reform. Then they let him down and told him that if he ever did anything of the kind again, they would do a more thorough job. He, however, was too smart for them. He recognized their voices and later had them arrested. It cost the bunch a pretty penny before the affair was settled. He was living there alone when we first moved to the farm and I remember that when he came over to the

house one day, he wanted me to feel his neck where the ridge still showed the effect of the rope.

Charles had stopped school at the end of the winter term but the three girls went to Fayette to school, going up to eat with Grandma Paine at noon. Sometimes Amy would drive old Jennie down but usually some of us would take the girls as we went to the creamery with the milk. That was not altogether satisfactory for so often there was a delay at the creamery and the girls would be late.

In the winter, it was cold going to town as early in the morning as we had to if the girls went to school. With the chores to do, Jason thought it was too much. So I taught the three girls at home. Of course there were three grades to teach but the girls would help do up the morning work and then study their lessons. This worked very well. I would get the outline of the work that was to be covered and in the spring, the girls would pass the examinations and go into the next grade. After they finished the eighth grade, we did not have them go to high school but put them into the preparatory department at the college.

The first spring we were on the farm we built an addition to the house. It consisted of a kitchen, pantry, storeroom and a room and closet for Grandmother. She remained in town until her room was ready. It was off from the kitchen and in some ways, that was bad; but in some respects it was better for her.

If we could have built the addition as high as the rest of the house, it would have been much better. But we did not feel that we could afford it. So when we did off the

chambers we had to divide them into three rooms, which made two of them very small.

We had several spells of fixing the house and each time made it a little more livable. Once we built a bay window on the south of the living room to make up for the space taken out for a hall. But our bay window leaked; sometimes it would rain so hard as to run clear across the room. We could not fix it so we built it up to the roof. The house faced the west and the sun was so hot in summer. When we got a porch across the front, it was so much better.

We were so proud to get the various things done. Often we would do the painting or varnishing ourselves. We were a good many years in getting it all finished. Besides the house, there were the barns and other farm buildings to put up. It seemed as if there was always something to build or fix over.

When we first moved to the farm, we would sometimes hear the wolves howling at night down in the grove on the Furry corner. And a few times we saw them in the daytime going across the twenty south of the house. But as the land was cleared they disappeared. I do not know as they ever molested us.

FARM LIFE

When we went on the farm, there were several apple trees but they nearly all died the first winter. Afterward we set more out but in the spring the rabbits girdled them. I sent one of the girls out with some cloths soaked in grafting wax and she bound up the trees and they lived

and grew. We put out currants and raspberries and they all grew well.

One spring we got twenty-five Cumberland strawberry plants and set them out. They were a light colored, rather sour berry but a good keeper. Then we got some Jesse plants and set them out in a little patch of sweet corn. Five of them lived and they increased in number so fast that the next spring we set out quite a bed. I think the Jesse strawberries were the nicest I have ever eaten. They were so large and red and sweet. A spring or two later, Jason fixed about a fifth of an acre for strawberries. Charles was in school then but he came up one day bringing with him four or five boys. They marked the ground, dug up the plants from the old beds and set out the new. It did not take them very long. The next spring we sold fifty dollars worth of strawberries. The little girls would get up at four o'clock in the morning to pick them.

It was pretty hard making both ends meet some of those years. Once one of the girls was visiting and she saw some of the jellies that her friend was going to take to the County Fair. So our girls looked at the premiums offered and decided that they could take some things too. They received several first prizes and the next year began earlier to plan. As long as we were going to enter some, we thought we might as well enter a lot. One year they took over fifty dollars in prizes.

We had raised chickens before we went on the farm. While at Monticello, Charles had gotten some full-blooded Houdans. Later we got some Partridge Cochins. When we went on the farm, we had some of both but were raising the Cochins to sell for breeding. The neighbors knew that we sold chickens and eggs but probably

did not know what we got for them. They had evidently seen some of the eggs that we sold at the stores. One day a neighbor sent her little girl over with thirteen eggs and asked if we would not exchange a setting with her, and added that she preferred the large white eggs. The Cochins are large chickens, as you know, their eggs are medium-sized brown ones. The Houdans, on the other hand, are small but lay large white eggs. But the Houdans that we had then were mixed. However, we picked out thirteen large white eggs and exchanged with her. We never knew whether or not she liked the chickens but we told her that we did not care to exchange again.

Our turkeys gave us the most trouble. We had to watch so carefully when the eggs were laid for the turkey hen liked to hide them. Then the little ones had to be watched so carefully. They would have the "damps" if they got out in the dew. Then for some reason, some of them had sore eyes one year. The first settings we put under the chicken hens but later in the season we let the turkey hen hatch a setting. After they were large enough to travel, the turkey hens and the old gobbler would start out and all of the other turkeys that had been hatched earlier and had been weaned would follow and thus the whole flock would go foraging. One night when we went to feed them, there were no turkeys to be found. As there were between thirty and forty in the flock, their loss meant a great deal. But we heard that they were on top of a neighbor's shed some half mile away. After that we tried to herd them near the house.

One year, the prices were down and we thought we could make a little more if we dressed the turkeys rather than to sell them alive. So we took orders for a dozen or

fifteen. The Tuesday before Thanksgiving, the girls stayed at home and we picked and dressed them. It was something of a job. We had picked the feathers in a barrel and during the winter we stripped the down from the feathers for pillows. It was the worst job we ever got into I think. It seemed to be everlasting. But they made fair pillows and we needed extra ones.

One of the hard things connected with the kitchen work was the washing of the heavy milk cans. Sometimes we had as many as three and they had to be carefully washed and scalded. They weighed about twenty pounds each and it was hard to handle them. And the kitchen was so hot in summer for we had nothing but the wood range to cook with. Neither did we have electricity and the ironing was a long, hot job. It was no small amount of work to clean and fill the lamps either. There were so many things then that took time that we do not have to bother with now.

Just after the big blizzard of '88, Amy came home from school for the week-end. She was in the preparatory department of Upper Iowa at the time. Measles were thick all over the country. On Saturday she broke out with them and was very sick for a week. Before she was well, Charles, the two girls and the hired girl came down with them. Jason had the stock to care for and Grandmother and I took care of the sick. One night, Jason and I went from one bed to another all night.

After we built the barn, Margaret used to drive the team when they put the hay in the barn. Charles had fixed the wheels of an old walking cultivator so that they could hitch the team to the rig and when the fork was

tripped, the rope could be unhooked and drawn back. Charles used to work the hay fork and Jason would mow away.

One day when Margaret was driving, Louie of course was with her, they conceived the idea of stepping on the rope after it was unhooked. Charles called to his father to see if the rope was caught up in the mow. Jason could find nothing and presently the girls stepped off the rope and everything was all right. The girls were bright enough not to do it every time, but every now and then they would step on it. For several days the girls had their fun. Finally, instead of calling to see what the matter was, Charles slid off of the load and went to investigate. He found the girls standing on the rope for they had not heard him coming. That was the last of the fun, for Charles reported to his father and when he came down out of the mow he told the girls they must not tease Charles any more. Jason was pretty mild with his children.

Once we had some calves in the lot near the house. They were all named as usual and Leona was the youngest. For some reason, she did not seem to be doing very well so we put eggs in her milk and fed her extra. Late in the summer she began to pick up. One day years afterward, Margaret told of the fun she and Louie had with Leona. The pasture was down hill from the house and in the summer it was pretty dry and the grass was parched and of course, it was slippery. Louie would grab hold of Leona's tail and Margaret would stand behind Louie with her arms around Louie's waist. Then they would stiffen their knees, put their feet together and yell to Leona to go. They made her draw them all around the

pasture. When she told about it, I looked at her and said, "I don't wonder that we had to feed eggs to Leona." "Why", she said, "didn't you know about it? It was right there by the house." Why some of us did not see them I do not know. I should have thought Grandmother would.

And so in spite of the hard work, there was some play too. And though there were lots of things that we would have liked to have had, we had plenty to eat and were very comfortable.

THE YEARS PASS ON

The second winter we were on the farm Charles taught down in the Davis district, beyond Lima. I do not think he enjoyed teaching very much.

That same winter Grandmother broke her arm. It was slippery and she was going out to the water barrel for water. In all the years we lived on the farm we did not have a cistern.

The next year Charles got a job taking subscriptions for "The Homestead." He worked around in Fayette and nearby counties and later was sent to the fairs. Often out of a salary of twelve dollars a week and expenses, he would send ten dollars a week home. Once or twice he was at the Corn Palace at Sioux City. The building was made of corn and from the pictures and from his descriptions must have been very beautiful. He brought home several things that were given away and among them was an ear of pop corn. We planted it and it proved to be as fine corn as we ever had. For several years, Charles used to work for "The Homestead" or other papers in the fall

and winter and go to college in the spring. During his senior year, he attended the full year. It had been hard for him for he had to help with the expenses at home. He was graduated from Upper Iowa in '92 and the next year attended Garret Biblical Institute at Evanston.

The spring after Amy was sixteen, she taught out in Banks township. She also taught there the following winter. When we would go for her it would take a good half day. Edward drives way to Sumner now in twenty minutes. Amy got about as much a month that summer as she gets a day now. But we thought then that she was doing pretty well. When I taught back in Vermont, I received a dollar and seventy-five cents a week. I wonder what the next generation will be receiving. Will salaries go up or will they go down?

When Charles was a baby, a colored girl by the name of Maranda Collins worked for me. She died of consumption when Amy was little. Later, and again when we lived in Monticello, her sister Susan helped me. Susan attended school at Fayette for a number of terms. When so many went to the Dakotas to take up claims, Susan went and took up a claim near Huron. She proved up on the claim and lived there until after the death of her father who had lived with her. Then she sold out and entered the Chicago Training School.

Susan had wanted to be a missionary but I was surprised when I read in one of the church papers that she had gone to one of the self-supporting missions opened in Angola, Africa, by Bishop William Taylor. Susan had always said she did not want to go to Africa.

I wrote her and learned that she was badly in need of certain kinds of clothing. We did not have much for it

was about all we could do in those days to make ends meet. But we had Jennie and the buggy. So I went around among some of her friends and got goods for a dress, or the price of it, here, and a pair of shoes there, and finally obtained enough to fill a box. Later we sent her two more. About 1900 Susan came home and the General Board refused to send her back because she was older than they wanted. She spent the winter in California and a branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society there sent her out again. This time she organized a girls' school now located at Quessau and did a wonderful work until she came back in 1920.

During the last time out she had a salary and of course her expenses were not very great. She was able to save a little which she sent back to be deposited. After a while she asked Jason to buy her a little house and lot. This he did and attended to the renting of it for her as long as he lived. Then Margaret looked after it until Susan returned. Since her return she has had to accustom herself to life here again. There were many new things here and many things that she did not have out there. When we got our car she was much worried for fear we would get hurt. You see I went with Margaret some when she was learning to drive. But Susan finally went with us and now she would rather ride than eat.

One summer, our hay crop was very light and Jason decided to put up some wild hay that he could get out near Sumner. One day after they returned, Jennie, the mare we had had so long, was taken sick with colic. We did all we could for her but it did no good. It was almost like losing one of the family to have her go. All of the children had learned to drive with her. Besides, her loss

was a serious financial loss. Things looked very dark the day we buried her at the end of the garden.

One night not long after that, Jason did not come up to the house after finishing the chores as he usually did. I went to the barn and called but he did not answer. He had not been feeling well and I became quite worried for we could not find any trace of him. Finally, I said to Milly, our Scotch collie, "Milly, where is Father?" She seemed to understand and looked toward the gate. I said again, "Milly, *where* is Father?" She started toward the gate and when she reached it, looked south. I remembered then that it was Saturday night and knew he would probably take home the horse he had rented from Mrs. Nichols, to take Jennie's place. I went to the barn and found the horse gone. You can imagine my relief. Very soon Jason returned. He had taken the horse just as Milly had told me.

The spring that Charles was graduated, I had rheumatic fever. The girls were all at home. Amy took care of me while Louie and Margaret did the house work. The girls had to cook for a family of seven or eight and it was the first time they had had to take the responsibility.

My rheumatism lasted for nearly five months and was very painful. First it would be in my hands, then in my elbows, then in my shoulders, hips, knees, and finally in my feet. Then it would go the rounds again. When in my hands, I could not feed myself. One night when the wind blew hard from the northwest, the pain took me in one of my heels. Such terrible pain, it seemed as if I could not endure it. I remarked if I could only get my heel in my hand and hold it, I was sure it would be easier. Finally Charles got down by the bed and took my heel in his

strong hand. He held it until I quieted down and dropped off to sleep. I do not know why it helped so much unless it was his firm grasp and the warmth of his hand. Often too, he used to sit through the night at my bed and keep me asleep by stroking my head or limbs and would waken Amy every two hours to give me my medicine.

Amy of course was up night after night. Once she was so worn that sister Phebe came and stayed with us a few days so that Amy could get caught up on sleep.

Even after I got up, I could not get my hands up to comb my hair. The girls used to do it for me and they have always kept it up. For nearly forty years now, one of my daughters has dressed my hair for me.

While I was sick, Jason started to take a colt to pasture, leading it while driving Hiram who was hitched to a two-wheeled cart. The colt became frightened as they started to ford the river and tipped the cart over. Several of Jason's ribs were broken and he was so badly bruised besides that he was in bed for several days.

Amy had started to school again before I was taken sick but had to stay out to care for me. She went back to school that fall and finally graduated after staying out another winter to teach. After she was graduated, she began teaching in High School and has taught ever since.

The year of the World's Fair, Grandmother's sister Nancy and her daughter Emily came to visit us. Emily stayed only a week but her mother was there longer. Aunt Nancy and Grandmother had not seen each other since Grandmother came to Iowa.

On Grandmothers' seventy-fifth birthday, we invited in her friends for the afternoon. So often when we had par-

ties of that kind, we had to go and get the friends for so many of them had no way to get out to the farm. Usually one of the girls had the driving to do so it would make one less at home to do the work.

While at Postville, Jason had purchased a buggy that he used in his work. We still had it when we went on the farm. We had it painted and fixed so that we could have either one seat or two in it. It wasn't so bad in its day but it got so the girls hated to use it. There was no cover, of course, and it was very unhandy when it rained, especially as one of the horses was afraid if an umbrella was raised. Finally we were able to get a second-hand carriage. That was a red letter day indeed.

The children used to have their friends out to the farm quite often. When some of their college friends were lonesome and could not get home, we tried to take them in. Just a short time ago, one of these friends called and asked if I remembered how we invited her and her sister to spend Christmas with us the first year they were in school. She seemed to appreciate it even yet.

While Charles was taking subscriptions in the southern part of the state, he met Clara M. Brown of Chariton. Their friendship grew and they were married in December, 1895, by Rev. A. H. Collins and came to the farm where Charles was working that year. It was quite an event in our family as it was the first marriage. We were sorry that none of the rest of us could go to the wedding but we could not afford it. When they came, we welcomed Clara as one of us and a few days later we had the cousins down to dinner and they welcomed her as one of them. They had all been much surprised when they heard

of Charles' marriage. Such a jolly crowd; they always had a good time together.

Miriam was born the next October. She was a nice baby and as she grew became very cute and lovable. Jason used to call her "Grandpa's Ducky", and she in turn used to call him "Ducky", when she began to talk. He did not mind it but later when they were at Chariton and she began calling her Grandfather Brown, "Ducky Brown", there was a remonstrance.

Collins came thirteen months later. He was a nice, chubby, little fellow with great big eyes. With the two babies there was plenty to do. When Miriam fussed, her father would tell her that it was too bad that his little girl had such "hard times". He evidently used the expression often. One week-end when Louie came home from school, she took Miriam on her lap when we sat down for the evening meal and began telling the family the affairs of the week. She evidently tried to feed Miriam as fast as she herself was talking for they soon realized that between mouthfuls, Miriam would say, "Hard times! Hard times!"

I remember that the Christmas after Collins was born Amy taught up to Christmas Day, and she wanted to come to Oelwein and have us meet her there. She could reach Oelwein about two o'clock Christmas morning but if she came by train to Fayette, she could not reach here until about eleven in the morning. George Clark was working for us then and he said he would go over after her. He started the afternoon before Christmas with the bob-sled. When he reached Oelwein, he put the horses in the livery stable, and went to bed. Just before time for the train, he hitched up the team and went to the station where he met

Amy. They reached home about breakfast time. Often now, she comes home on the train reaching Oelwein at 2:35. Edward will set the alarm at 1:45, get the car out and go over and meet her and be back in bed, if not asleep, by 3:15.

And we used to have pretty good horses in those days too. The neighbors used to say that they would hear a noise and see a dust and know that one of our girls had driven by. If we had had as good roads in those days as we have now, we could have driven faster.

One spring Louie taught out in Tom Noon's district. Tom had married Aurelia Kent, brother Munson's daughter. They lived on a large farm near Sumner with their seven children: May, Juliet, James, Pearl, Jason, Gertrude and Herbert.

Louie boarded with a German family who talked German most of the time. She usually spent her week ends with Aurelia, who made it very pleasant for her. The snakes were so bad around there that she and the pupils always carried forked sticks as they went across the fields. She had quite an interesting time but I do not think she liked teaching very well.

Soon after this Louie graduated from Upper Iowa and went to Iowa Wesleyan for her Master's degree. She majored in German and again boarded in a German family. In this way her conversational German was especially good.

In the fall of 1899, Grandmother's sister Jane came to visit her. She was very deaf and so was Grandmother Paine, but with Aunt Jane's ear trumpet, they would sit and visit by the hour. Soon after New Year's day Grandmother fell and hurt her head. The wound healed nicely

and a week later the doctor pronounced it quite well. But that night she began to be very sleepy while she was eating supper. She went into a coma and died a few days later without having regained consciousness. It was just twenty years after Grandfather Paine had died.

Jason decided that he could no longer run the farm. It was hard to get reliable help and he could not do much without good help. So we rented the farm, packed up and moved back to town the first of March.

We had been on the farm for sixteen years. The children had all grown up. All but Margaret had graduated from Upper Iowa. Charles and Clara with their two children were living in Fayette, Amy as I said, was teaching and Louie began to teach that fall.

The years on the farm had been long, hard years; lots to do and little to do with. But there had been pleasant things too, and, as we look back, we have many a laugh about the funny things that happened there.

And we made friends on the farm, we had good neighbors. When we left, the nearest neighbors on the north were the Adam Shafer family. We have always enjoyed their friendship throughout the years since. Mr. Shafer was one of the pall-bearers when Jason was laid away, and I hope he will be able to act as one for me.

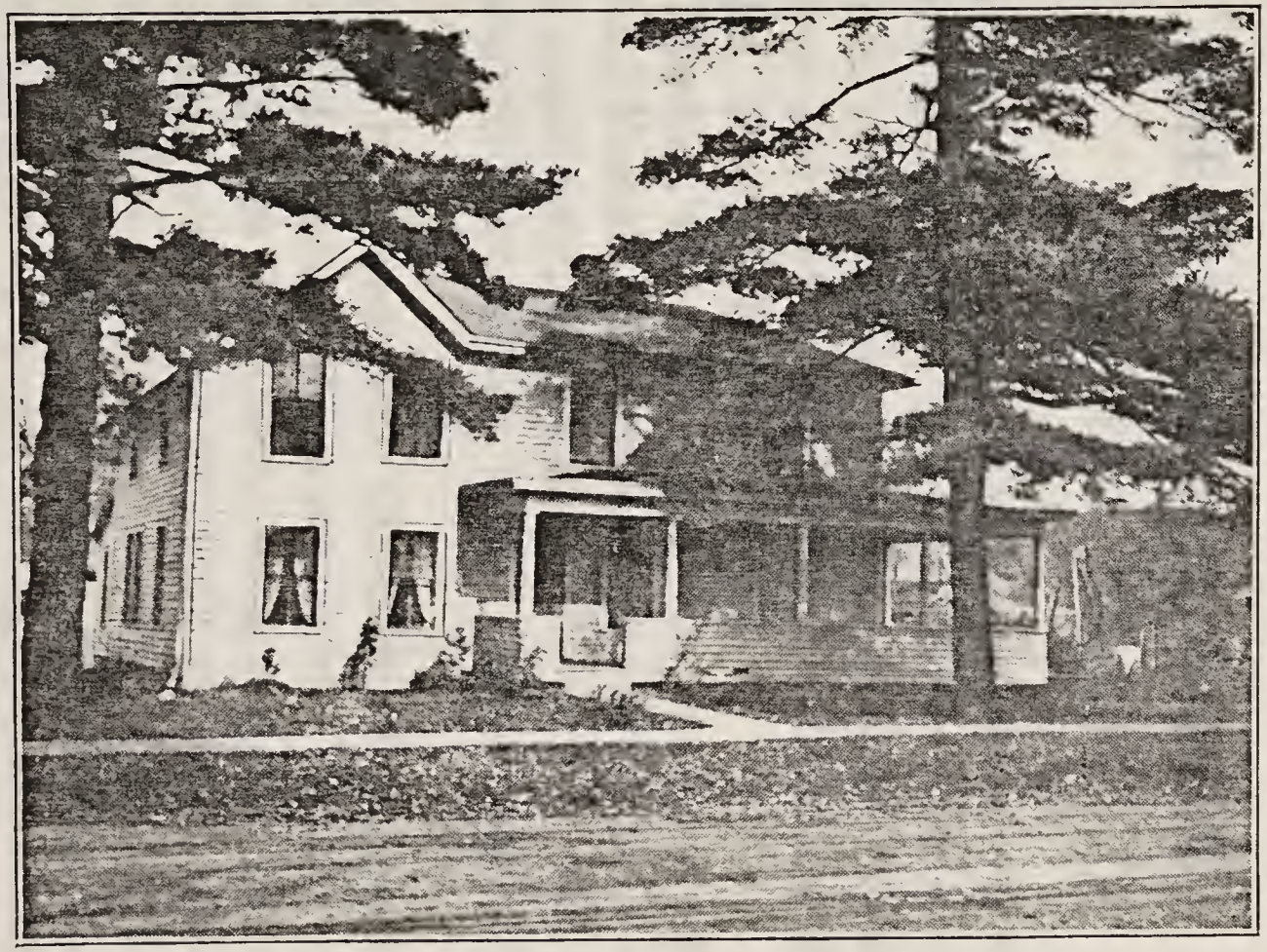
Nearest to us toward town was the Harm Badger home. They had called on Jason to marry one of their daughters and bury three of the family. After we moved to town their little daughter died of diphtheria. It was ordered that the body be buried after dark and Adam Shafer, as township official, was to see that the order was carried out. Jason heard on the street that they were to start at nine, come down over the bridges and go to the cemetery

by way of Westfield and Lovers' Lane. So he took his lantern and met Mr. Badger and Mr. Shafer between the bridges and went with them. Jim Shoemaker, caretaker of the cemetery, was at the grave and when the little casket was lowered Jason offered prayer. He felt that he could not let an old friend and neighbor bear the sorrow alone. When Jason was buried Mrs. Badger said to me, "We have lost one of our best friends."

Jason was called on so many times for funerals. His long residence in the vicinity, and his sympathetic nature had made for him many friends, who in their time of sorrow wanted him to bury their dead.

For a great many years Jason was a trustee of Upper Iowa. No one was more loyal than he and he was always ready to do what he could to help the school. During the period between the General Conferences of 1888 and 1892, Dr. C. H. Payne of the Educational Board of the Methodist Church started a campaign for the elimination of the small colleges connected with the church. Jason obtained catalogues from various schools in several states and from them secured statistics which he incorporated in articles which, in the "Paine versus Payne" controversy, published in the church papers, turned the tide in the General Conference at Omaha in 1892 and the motion to close the small colleges was voted down. Dr. Payne is said to have said that it was Jason's articles that defeated the measure.

And so, although he had retired from the ministry, he still ministered to the afflicted; and though no longer an active member of Conference, he was still able to do his part in preventing unwise action by that organization. I think that often a person who is retired from public life may have greater influence than he had before.



MY HOME FOR OVER SEVENTY YEARS

PART V.

THE OLD HOME AGAIN

WE MOVE TO TOWN

ONCE MORE we came back to the old home that my Mother gave me. I do not know what we would have done without it all those years. The girls had a room there while they were in school and the rest was rented. It was a big help to us.

Dear Mother, she little knew how much she was doing, nor did Father, when they planned that the daughter who had stayed with them and had helped to take care of Father should have a little extra, a little more than the others.

While we had been away this time, the lawn had not been cared for and was almost bare. Various changes had been made in the house. Someone had painted the walnut casings in the front and back parlors and the walls had been more or less mutilated. But we fixed things up very comfortably and later were able to tear down the ell and build a much larger and more comfortable addition besides fixing over the old part. Little by little too we have added shrubs and plants until the yard is much admired.

It seemed so good too, to have Aunt Phebe so near to us. Uncle Winslow had died several years before and for some time, Phebe ran the farm. But soon after Eugenia

was married, Aunt Phebe and Aurelia moved to Fayette and bought a house about a block from us. But she had lived at Lima so long that she was lonesome for the people there and most every Saturday afternoon, she would go down town to visit with those who had come up to the stores. All of the Lima people were very fond of her and when she died in 1915, the pallbearers were the men who, when boys, had been members of her Sabbath school class.

While attending Iowa Wesleyan, Louie met George Blagg, an Englishman, who was attending school there. During the next three or four years, he frequently visited at our home and we learned to think a great deal of him. He and Louie were married on a perfect June day in 1904. The wedding was a simple home affair in the presence of relatives and a few other friends. As none of those outside the family had met Mr. Blagg, he with Louie, met the guests as they came. When the clock struck twelve, they took their places between the south windows in the living room where Jason assisted by Rev. Springer, a friend of Mr. Blagg, performed the ceremony. It was the full ring service and an especially pretty feature was that they pledged the troth without it being lined to them.

As soon as the ceremony was over, the company was invited out to luncheon. Early in the planning, Louie had asked us not to allow congratulations after the ceremony for she had a horror of being kissed by all of the guests as was the custom. Later in the afternoon, they left for their new home where Mr. Blagg was pastor.

During his various visits at Fayette, Miriam and Collins had become firm friends of Mr. Blagg. A day or two before the wedding, I told the children that Mr. Blagg was going to marry Aunt Louie and take her to his

home. But I warned them that it was a secret and they must not tell any one. To which Miriam inquired, "Does Aunt Louie know anything about it? I think we ought to tell *her*."

HAPPY TIMES

Several times we had planned that I should go back to visit my Island home, but something had always happened. But in June, 1911, Amy and I made the trip. We went via Niagara Falls and entered the Island from the north. I strained my eyes to see the dear, old, familiar scenes but it became dark too soon. However, as we went up to Julia Hall's from the station, I did recognize the places as we passed them.

We made our headquarters with Julia and visited from there. In one of the bedrooms in the hotel where I was born, I recognized the same decorations that had been there when we sold the place. And when I stepped into the dining room at Mary Ann Landon's, it seemed as if not a piece of furniture had been changed in the fifty-two years that I had been away.

It was so good to visit the old friends and the old places. I spent a happy, happy month.

On the old farm, there was a maple grove which was the largest sugar camp on the Island. We brought back several pounds of sugar and it had the same flavor that I remembered from childhood days. Helen Hall and her daughter Susie Landon took us to visit a great many of the dear old friends and the dear old scenes, and Mary

Kent's family were also very kind that way. Mary's sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank Wright, has been so good ever since to write me the news of the Island.

Quite a good many of my old friends were alive then and we had such pleasant visits together. But they have all long since passed on to the Better Land. I alone am left.

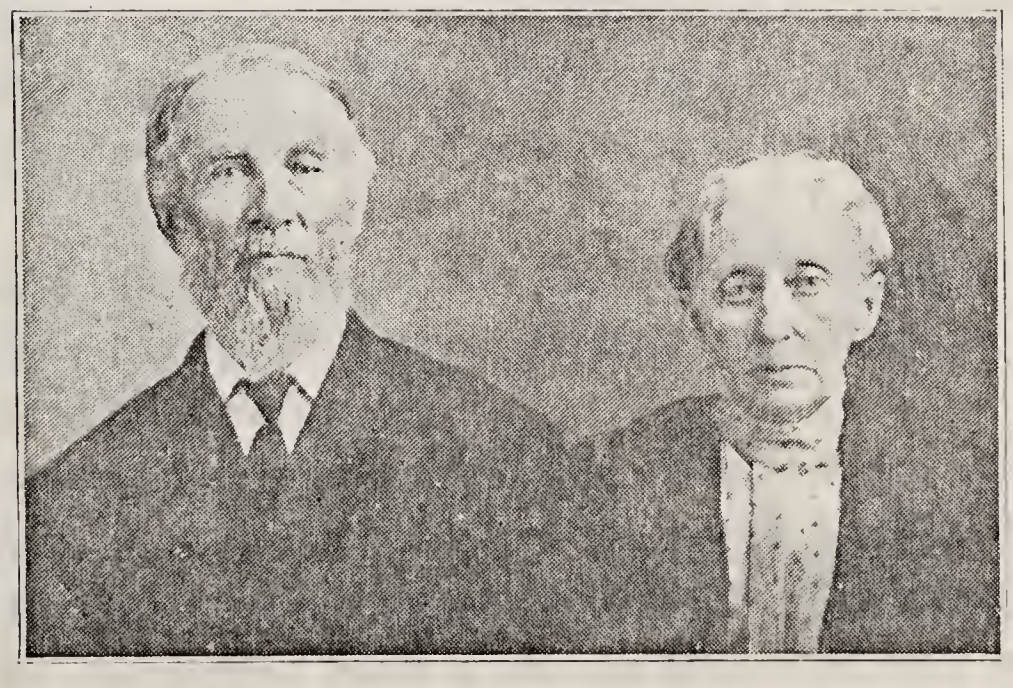
That was the year of our Golden Wedding. While Amy and I were east, Jason and Margaret were at home and Margaret had the early preparations for the celebration completed when we returned.

The day after we reached home, Louie and her family came. They had two children; Betty who was always a happy, proper and reliable little girl, and John, who was what is often termed "a regular boy." Betty would never so much as disarrange a sofa pillow when her mother took her to call, and would go behind the door to try out different words in her endeavor to use the correct ones. John hated women as a baby and we would have to get a boy to take care of him when he was left with us. And he would sometimes embarrass his mother by talking to every man he met on the street, no matter how disreputable the man might be. So we did not have a chance to play with John very much. As a little boy it was hard for him to appreciate a joke on himself and the girls used to tease him a lot. But as he has grown up, he has outgrown both of these characteristics. Louie and George have always planned to spend all or part of their vacations with us every year and we always look forward to their visits with a great deal of pleasure.

Charles too, had another daughter, Esther, who was a shrewd child and usually got the things she wanted. When she got into mischief she was very politic in trying

1861

REV. JASON LEE PAINE AND WIFE
MARGARET FLETCHER KENT PAINE



1911

to get out of it. One day, a short time after Jason fell from a tree, she spilled some water on the floor when no one was around. Her mother entered the room, saw the water and said, "Esther, what is that on the floor?" "That?" inquired Esther, "that is water. What did you think it was? Did you think it was the tree Grandpa fell out of?"

Betty, Esther and John used to have a great many good times together when Louie's folks were at Fayette. One day when the three children were at our house, they were invited to supper at the parsonage. As usual, they were put in Betty's care and as they started over, Louie reminded Betty that they must not forget to tell Mrs. Kennedy that they had had a very good time. When they started home, Betty said, "We had a nice time and a *very* good supper. Now Esther—" Whereupon Esther repeated in the same tone of voice, "We had a nice time and a *very* good supper." Then Betty said, "Now John—" and he responded, "We had a nice time and a *very* good supper."

As I said, we celebrated our Golden Wedding in 1911. About sixty-five guests were invited and most of them were able to be present.

Since the tables nearly filled the available space downstairs, we had planned to have the guests gather on the porch. But that morning it turned cold and began to rain. The Kennedys built a fire in their furnace and as the out-of-town friends drove up, she invited them to their house to warm up. But they did not know her and each load decided that there would be room for them at Uncle Jason's. And there was.

Charles was in the printing business then and had prepared a little folder containing both our wedding picture and the one we had taken in 1911. These were used as souvenirs. The guests decided we were better looking then than when we were married.

After dinner, Dr. D. M. Parker, acting as toastmaster, called on several to speak. It was a very pleasant occasion.

THE TOLL OF THE YEARS

As the years passed on they had taken our loved ones. Juliet, as I said, died when we were at Postville. Uncle Winslow went while we were yet on the farm. Uncle Hiram died in January, 1906. There had been a terrible snow storm and all of the roads were blocked. Charles and Mr. Peterman started to West Union to the funeral but could not get through the drifts.

The next to go was Uncle William who died in the summer of 1907. He and Julia Ann had left the farm several years before and moved into West Union while Herbert rented the farm. William was afraid he was going to have cataracts as Father had. He died, however, before they had developed much. Aunt Phebe, as I said, died on Christmas day, 1915, and Julia Ann died in February, 1918. My brothers and their wives, my sisters and their husbands, all left me years ago.

In the fall of 1911 Jason got tired of having his hands stained up from the walnuts he was gathering in our yard. He decided he would hurry things up and get them all off the trees at one time. So he got a ladder and climbed one

of the trees, crawled out on a limb and began to shake it. But he was not as sure footed as he had been fifty years before, for he lost his balance and fell, spraining his ankle and breaking two or three ribs. Someone heard him moaning and we got him into the house. It was two months before he was able to get out again.

At the Commencement, fifty years after he was graduated, Jason was given the degree of Doctor of Divinity. It came as a surprise to him. He knew nothing about it until the morning of Commencement.

That summer and fall he was not very well and in November he became quite ill. He came to the table Thanksgiving Day for the doctors insisted that we must get him up as much as possible. That night he was taken worse, and two nights later, November 30, 1912, he went to meet those who had gone before. Just a little while before he left me, as I sat holding his hand, I said to him, "You will see little Eddie before I do." He answered, "Yes, and all of the rest."

We buried him beside Mother and I thought it would not be long before I would join him; but nearly nineteen years have passed since then. They have been long years, although we have had many happy times together and the children have taken such good care of me. But I have wanted to go Home.

WAR TIMES

During the summer of 1914, I spent a month with Louie at her home while Margaret went to Nebraska where Amy was head of the department of mathematics in one of the State Normals. While I was there, word

came of the breaking out of the war. It was an anxious time for Louie's husband, Dr. Blagg, as his father, mother, brothers and sister were in England.

The winter of 1916 and 1917, Margaret and I spent with Louie. Margaret had been in the hospital that summer and the girls thought we should not stay alone. How we watched the papers to see what was being done. We were anxious to know whether the United States would also have to get into the war. Of course George and Charles were too old for active service and Collins was too young; but we were just as anxious as if our men could go.

The next summer, I was very ill and even though I got much better and was up, I could not take a step alone for nearly six months. Some of my muscles seemed to be paralyzed. I had gotten so thin that I weighed only about seventy-five pounds. When I recovered, it seemed as if my flesh was all new.

After I got better, I began knitting and made several pairs of socks. I even learned to make the new heel and toe that they desired.

The second summer of the war, Collins tried to get into service. But his records were evidently copied wrong for later we discovered they showed his age several years younger than he was. We decided that was probably the reason why his papers were not accepted for the artillery training camp to which he was recommended. He was, however, a member of the S.A.T.C.

When the S.A.T.C. was opened at Upper Iowa in the fall of 1918, the barracks were not ready and the people of Fayette opened up their homes to the boys, and they were still in the homes when the flu struck the town. We

had three in our home. The women of Fayette nursed those in their homes and only one of the boys died. It is a remarkable fact that none of those women contracted the disease.

I remember when the boys at our place were sick, a woman who met Margaret as she was coming up from town made quite a fuss because she was on the street. Margaret told her that she had to get things for the boys to eat but the woman was still unreasonable. That woman, however, who did not help take care of anyone, had the flu and was never well afterward. It doesn't pay to be too selfish.

When Collins thought he was going to get into service, he and Ruth Evans were married. They had been friends since Collins was in High School, and like lots of others, wanted to get married before he went to war. But, as I said, the Armistice was signed before he saw service, so he went on to school and was graduated in 1919.

THE GRANDCHILDREN

Along in the story I have frequently mentioned the grandchildren, but I do not think I have told you much of Edward, Charles' youngest son. He was only a year old when Jason died so Edward never really knew his grandfather. He was such a quiet, sober, stoic little boy. They lived on Main street and frequently when Edward was three or four years old, his father would send him over to a store to get some kerosene. He would put the can and the money on the counter but not a word would he say.

When he was two or three, he liked to get Esther's playthings when she was at school. She objected to this, though she dearly loved him, and decided one day to come up and stay with us for a while. So she brought her nighty and after a week decided to stay all winter. Instead, she stayed a year or more. Edward would sometimes come up to play with "Ettie" but we could never persuade him to stay to dinner unless his folks were along.

One day when he was there Margaret noticed that he was following her around. He said nothing but she finally asked him if he wanted anything. In answer, he reached out his hands that he had been holding tight together. The inside of one hand was all blood from some hurt. He had wanted help but he did not want to ask for it, and he had been careful not to let the blood get on the floor. He has always been careful to keep things clean. Margaret says she has never had anyone in a room who kept it as neat as Edward does his.

In some ways Edward is different from what he was as a little boy. He is a good talker now. He has lived with us for two years while in school and is so good to tell me the little things that are interesting. And he is so jolly and kind, never too busy to help someone who needs it. I miss him when he is home on vacations.

One Sunday while Esther was living with us Margaret and I were taking a nap. Margaret was wakened by the noise of the sewing machine. She went into the dining room and there sat Esther sewing as fast as her little legs could make the machine go. Margaret said, "Why Esther, what are you doing?" "I am making Rosalie a dress. She hasn't a thing fit to wear. I just had to." "But this is Sunday, Esther." "I can't help it, she had to have a

dress." "But what will the neighbors think if they hear the machine? They will think it is I sewing." That was a new thought to the child and she said, "I never thought of that, auntie," and put the sewing away.

The winter we spent with Louie's folks, I had a nice time with Betty and John. Betty was always interested in fancy work, and she and I knitted lace together. The girls at school were beginning to tat and she asked her father to get her a shuttle. But he told her he would get her one when she had finished some of the other things she had started. But she wanted to tat, so she made a shuttle of paste-board and was soon tatting with that. Needless to say, it was not long before she had the coveted shuttle.

John was always having trouble with his glasses. It seemed too bad that so small a boy had to wear them. One day at the gymnasium, he took them off and carefully put them in his overshoe for safety. But when he got ready to go home, alas! He had forgotten and put his foot in the overshoe. It was good-bye glasses.

When they were little, he and Betty had been having a pillow fight after breakfast one morning. They were called to prayers and reluctantly stopped, but John took his pillow along with him. Of course he was quiet during prayers, but as soon as the "Amen" was said he called, "Eyes all open, here I come," and the pillow hit Betty squarely.

One morning when Miriam was little, she decided that she wanted to pray at family prayers. Charles, of course, said that she could. She started out bravely but couldn't think of much to say. Collins evidently thought that she needed help and perhaps he was in a hurry to get to play-

ing for he said in a stage whisper, "Amen is the word, Miriam, Amen is the word."

When Collins' little boy Lee, the first great-grandchild, was at our house one time, he discovered that he could go up stairs one way and down another. So he went to his father and said, "I show you something"; and taking him by the hand led him up the front stairs and down the back where he and Miriam had played so often when they were small. Why do children love to play on the stairs? I remember that one Sunday Charles and Clara and the children had been here for dinner and the children had stayed after their parents went home, with the understanding that when the bell rang they were to go to Junior League. They were having a good time playing on the stairs when the bell rang. They had taken their shoes off and Margaret called to them to put their shoes on and get ready to go. Pretty soon, Miriam came and said, "Aunt Margaret, I can't find my shoes," and all too soon Collins appeared and also said, "Aunt Margaret, I can't find my shoes either." So Margaret said, "Collins, you go and get Miriam's shoes and Miriam, you go and get Collins'." They had thought that they could fool their Aunt Margaret.

Lee is a nice little boy only he will not be little much longer. He is ten years old and almost as tall as his mother and is in the seventh grade at school.

After Miriam graduated from college, she taught for a few years. In 1924, she was married to Jasper M. Collins. They stopped to see us on their wedding trip and I learned to like Jasper very much. They used to come over often while they were living at Eldora. Three years ago they moved to Lancaster, Penna., where Jasper is in business.

Miriam and Jasper were here last summer with their little two-year old Kathryn. I couldn't see her very well for she had never had anything to do with old people and was afraid of me. But she did let me hold her a little. She had seen so many strangers that she was tired of them. It was hot and she had not slept very well the Saturday night they were with us so Miriam said she guessed she had better not try to take Kathryn to church. But Kathryn wanted to go so she suggested, "Mother, we might go and sit on the back seat." They went and Kathryn was a good girl and did not have to be brought home.

After her graduation, Esther taught for a year, and last fall obtained a position in Washington, D. C. So she went to Miriam's in Lancaster, where her fiance, Lewis Austin, met her and they were married. He was working in Washington and they wanted to be together. They are very happy but it seems a long way from her folks.

In June, 1929, Betty received her Master's degree from Ames and since then has been teaching in Grinnell College, and John finishes college this spring and goes to Columbia next fall. Collins has taught in Chicago for the past seven years.

And Edward, who was a baby when Jason left, will finish college next year; just seventy years after Jason graduated and forty years after Charles did. He finishes the three generations who have graduated from Upper Iowa; Jason, Charles, and Charles' four children. When Edward finishes, all of our grandchildren will have graduated from college.

MY BIRTHDAYS

Once or twice when we were on the farm, Uncle William and Aunt Julia Ann came down on William's and my birthday and we had dinner together. But as a rule the birthdays had not been celebrated. I guess that Jason and I had not been used to it.

The winter that we spent with Louie at Montezuma, she had made a birthday party for me. I was feeling pretty well and went down town with Margaret to do some Christmas shopping that morning. It was too much for me. Either one alone would have been enough. After dinner was over I had to go to bed and was quite sick for some time.

After the first or second year that Amy was in Chicago, she made a point of being at home that day. But before that, Margaret had often invited friends in for dinner on my birthday.

About ten or eleven years ago, Elbert Hoyt began coming to eat dinner with us on my birthday. His was a few days later and he said we would celebrate together. On my eighty-ninth birthday, the nieces and nephews at West Union were also down to dinner. A year later we had a two-day celebration. Charles, Clara and Edward, and Miriam and Jasper came the twelfth and the family had their dinner the next day as Miriam and Jasper had to get back that night. On account of sickness, Louie and George were unable to come, but Louie sent a birthday cake. The cousins came Monday and we had another nice dinner. The tables were pretty and we had a lovely time

together. Each year since then they have celebrated my birthday, and each time they have had something different.

The first year that Amy brought the ice cream from Chicago packed in "dry ice", they had a jolly time. She wanted to be sure that it would be nice and did not unpack it before-hand as early as she usually did. It was in the form of two melons beautifully decorated. But when she started to cut it, she might as well have tried to cut a granite pan. Add and Herbert and Elbert all tried their hand at it. "Anyone ought to be able to cut ice cream that had been packed two or three days before." Charles suggested that they get the meat saw, but that was not a success. So they laughed and talked and waited until it was soft enough to cut. Margaret Hoyt and Mary Kent suggested that it might be passed around and each one "take a lick". But when it did soften it was delicious.

But my ninety-fifth birthday was the nicest. One of the nieces insists it was the prettiest party she ever attended.

Louie and George and Betty Blagg arrived at noon on the twelfth, Charles and Clara came that evening, and Amy the next morning. Again we had the family dinner on the thirteenth. It was so nice to have all the children there together. I wished that the rest of the grandchildren and the two great-grandchildren could have been there too.

As my birthday was on Sunday, the girls did as much of the getting-ready on Saturday as possible. When Sunday came there was very little to do.

It was a nice day and the roads were good. Florence drove from Elkader; Fred and Julia from Dubuque; Eugene and Betty, from Cedar Rapids; Jason and Irma

and their two boys, from Sumner; Add and Clara, Herbert and Mary, John and Carrie from West Union. There were twenty-four of us in all. We all missed Elbert and Margaret Hoyt who are now living in California. For years, Elbert had spent my birthday with me.

Talisman roses adorned the table and the same colors were used for the butterfly place cards, the candles and other decorations. The children had prepared a little booklet containing my picture, a poem by Charles and a composite photo depicting in the background the events of importance during my lifetime; in the foreground I am standing, and little Kathryn by my side is looking into the future. It was very pretty and very unique. The booklets were given to the guests.

During the day and evening, besides the relatives who were there to dinner, at least eighty of the townspeople called to shake hands with me. Yes, I was tired for several days but there were so many pleasant things to think of. I had received letters, cards, telegrams and telephone calls from one coast to the other. It was a long time before I got my greetings answered.

Among all of the presents, and I received many lovely ones, and many sweet ones, and many useful ones, none has given me more pleasure and happiness than little David, my bird. He is such a sweet singer and is so much company. When we let him out of his cage, he will come and sing and dance on my writing board. He lights on my shoulder, and plays with my thread, and how he loves to look at himself in the mirror. I wonder sometimes how I got along before I had David.

IN THE GLOAMING

IN THE GLOAMING

There have been a great many things that have come into my life in the later years that I never dreamed that I would be able to take part in or enjoy. I never supposed we would have a car, but the girls got one and we had many pleasant trips with it. We had never taken long trips until one summer four or five years ago when one of the girls suggested at breakfast one morning that we go to Eldora and see Charles' folks and then go on to Grinnell and visit Louie and her family. I answered, "I have been wanting to go there all summer."

So we got ready and went and had a good time. Afterwards, we made two or three similar trips. It was a little hard to sleep in a strange bed and I was tired when we reached home. But it gave me something to think about for a long time.

And once we went to Cresco and stopped on the way back to see the beautiful hand carved clocks made by the Bily brothers. They live on a farm near Conover.

For a long time there had been talk about a new Methodist Church. Two or three ministers had tried to get the people interested but times were too hard. Finally Rev. John D. Clinton was sent to Fayette. He suggested that we fix over the old church. So he drew some plans and the committee accepted them. In order to have more room for the Sabbath school, they excavated for a basement, or a Broadroom as they call it. Nearly all of that work was donated by men, and was done in the evening after the men had done a day's work. In the east side of

the Broadroom was built a fireplace of stones from every state in the Union and from every continent. The name of the place where each stone came from was sand-blasted on it. I sent to the Island and had one mailed. It has South Hero on it. On the day of the re-dedication of the church, I was invited to sit on the platform in the evening and turn the light on the memorial window in the chancel when it was presented.

The people of the town have been very thoughtful of me. I am, I suppose, the oldest member of the church both in age and in years of membership. I am also the oldest property holder for I have owned this place for over seventy years.

The neighbors send me blossoms from their new and choice plants and others often share their flowers with me. They know that I have always loved flowers and have loved to share mine with others.

I did not know that I would ever have a chance to vote. But when the Amendment was passed, giving us the privilege, Margaret and Miriam and I went down and voted, three generations. Lately they have sent me a ballot and I have filled it out here and sent it in.

In 1929, I was asked to write an article on, "The Flowers I Love the Most", which was published in the January, 1930, copy of the "Rose Bulletin of Iowa." One year I was made honorary member of the American Rose Society. It was after the rose pilgrimage to the rose that Juliet and I had planted on Mother's grave so many years ago. It is the oldest rose bush in Fayette County and is probably one of the oldest in Iowa.

In 1930, the eightieth anniversary of the organization of the Methodist class was celebrated. They asked me to

have a part in the movies taken beforehand for the occasion. These pictures were to portray the early history of the town and the church.

On my ninety-fourth birthday, the pictures were taken. They showed me as I went out on the porch to look for and then to greet the doctor who rode up on horse back with his saddle-bags. Dr. Parker, who took the part of the doctor, is the son of the old doctor who came here in an early day and rode over the country with these same saddle-bags. And this younger doctor is the one who has taken such good care of me all of these years. I do not believe he could have watched his own mother more carefully than he has watched me.

Of course I could not go up to the church to see the pictures but Dr. Clinton brought them, with the lantern, over to show to me and many times since has he brought them over to show to my friends. They all seem to think that mine is one of the best.

That same day, the "Des Moines Register" sent a photographer to take pictures of various scenes. The C.M.& St.P. R.R. had given permission to have the engine of the train fixed up with an old smokestack and a picture was taken just as it came out of the cut. The train hands had so much fun showing it off that they did not change it until the run was over.

Another joy of the last two or three years has been the fact that, in spite of repeated endeavor to disqualify Upper Iowa, the friends of the school, led by Dr. and Mrs. Dickman, have rallied to her support. The endowment has been increased, the enrollment is larger and the prospect for the future is much brighter.

For a while there was a strong feeling toward the

building up of larger schools. But the tide seems to be turning and the small college is coming into its own again.

With the re-dedication of the old friends to an increased loyalty to the school and the support of the new friends who have offered their assistance, it would seem that Upper Iowa is starting on a period of greater opportunity and usefulness than it has ever known before.

And so my days have passed. They have been happy days but I am getting so tired. I wonder if my Home beyond will not be ready for me soon. The time seems long and I am waiting to go.

L'ENVOI

And now to the daughter who asked for the story, comes the sad task of writing the last chapter of Mother's life.

Mother had worked hard on the story during the first part of 1931, but each chapter that she sent to be copied showed that the work was getting harder for her. I told her not to keep at it so closely but she said she would have to if she finished it and she wanted to get it done.

When I was home in June, she rode to Independence, thirty-five miles, and back when they took me to the train on my return. But the hot weather came on and in July when I was home, it tired her badly to go only to Oelwein with me.

Slowly, but unmistakably, she grew weaker and the excessively hot weather that laid so many low, took additional toll from her failing strength. It tired her even to ride around the garden in her wheeled chair.

About the middle of August, a heart attack caused her cough to increase and the lungs began to fill up. As she grew worse, Louie and George and Charles and Clara came to be with us. I was already there with Margaret. All of the grandchildren came except Miriam and Esther and their families who were in the east and could not be with us. But they sent flowers that Mother might enjoy them. And she did enjoy them and was much interested in the coming of Esther's baby, little Esther Ann.

It was hard to see her suffer. She did not complain but frequently queried why she should have to wait when

she was *so tired*. But for five weeks she waited and grew weaker and the tired body grew more tired.

On a Friday, she called us around her, told us how much she loved us and bade us good-bye. The next Sunday she was unconscious and that night, September 20, her prayer was answered and she was taken Home.

It had been raining that afternoon and at eventide the sky became a glorious, golden rose while in the east a double ruby rainbow of promise spanned the Heavens; as if the Angels were heralding the home-coming of a sainted daughter.

We dressed her in the rose grey silk that we had loved to see her wear and combed her hair for the last time as we made her ready for her long, long journey.

A few years ago she had said that she hoped that she would go in rose time so there might be lots of flowers. And though it was the season of the aster and the gladiolus that she loved, for her it was also rose time. Everyone knew that she loved flowers and the room was filled with the flowers sent by her many friends. It would have seemed hard to have seen the flowers that she could not fondle had it not been that for many years these same friends had not failed to bring her flowers.

One spray of blossoms came from the daughter of one of her Sabbath school pupils of nearly seventy years ago. On the card was written, "Rev. 19, 8." On looking it up, I read, "And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints."

It was her request that Dr. John D. Clinton, the young minister who lived across the street and who frequently ran over to talk over with her his plans, should have

charge of the service with Dr. D. M. Parker assisting. Just before we left the house for the church, Dr. Clinton's prayer was:

"As we think of her years, Dear Father, we doubt our worthiness to be the escort of thy servant here. As we pass out between these two friendly pines, while each needle breathes a ritual chant telling to us of her many kindnesses to others—and as we shall pass up to the hill where the storm-tried rose bush stands guardian near her final resting place—so impress us with her stately soul quality and the fragrance of her faith that we may be better equipped for the days yet to be ours. May we indicate in our deeds, our gratefulness for having experienced the friendship and the mothering of this thy servant. In Christ, Amen."

On that beautiful September afternoon, we laid her to rest beside Father, the Jason she had missed so long. The flowers covered not only her grave but his grave as well, and the rose bush, fuller than usual of the colorful seeds, seemed indeed to stand guardian.

And thus, our Mother left us. We would not wish her back to the suffering that her tired body had endured. But it is very lonely here. No longer do letters come signed, "With love, Mother." Over are the trips back to her in the old home where we could always rest our mind and could start afresh with a clearer brain and steadier nerves to the work that was ours to do. From the shores of Lake Champlain to the western coast, come letters of sympathy accompanied very often by the lament, "We shall miss her letters so much." But kind as those letters are, they cannot take the place of hers and neither can

the dear friends who come to comfort us lessen our loneliness for the one who is gone.

What can we say of her life that she has not shown in this, her story? She spoke of her mother's courage, but she was not lacking in that quality. She spoke of her mother's desire that her children should improve their opportunities, but it was her indomitable will and unceasing work that kept us all in school. She spoke of the religion of her mother; but her unfailing faith in God, a faith that was unchanged throughout the years, and her love and kindness and charity for mankind were most unusual.

She had lived beyond the usual span of life, her early associates were all departed, but she did not cling to the old customs or close her mind to new ideas. As a friend wrote of her, "I have never known a woman who was her equal in understanding the problems of a new day. Her sympathy and her aspirations were youthful."

While she loved the past with its memories and loved the present with its opportunities, her thoughts were ever turning toward her Home above and the loved ones she so longed to greet. Though her journeyings had been long and wearisome and the milestones were often jagged and colorless, yet she always saw the rainbow at the end. She has reached the foot of the rainbow.

GENEALOGY

JOHN GRAHAM (OR GRIMES)
PRIVATE IN REVOLUTION

John Graham, sometimes called Grimes, came to Hillsborough in 1775. He was probably born in 1740 and being thirty-five years old, he immediately entered to active life. He signed the Association Test April 12, 1776, and was Justice of the Peace for quite a period. He may have been the son of Hugh Graham of Windom. He served according to the records, three years in the Revolution and the War over, Feb. 2, 1781, he sold his estate which consisted of a dwelling house, barn, saw and corn mill, for "5000 Spanish milld Dolers" and probably rem. to Hero, Vt. He m. in 1763, Catherine ..... of Windom. They had a son Hugh, b. about 1764 who rem. to South Hero, Vt., where he married Mary Allen, Nov. 27, 1788, and bought over seven hundred acres of land in that town.

From History of Hillsborough, N. H., 1735-1931. Vol. II.
George Waldo Browne, Genaetory.

Since Hugh Graham was about seventeen when his father went to Vermont, it is highly probable that he went at the same time that his father and the rest of the family moved there. At that time, the southern island was known as Middle Hero and South Hero. The name Hero was no doubt used for any or all of them.

In the books of the Town Clerk at South Hero, Vt., the first marriage recorded is that of Hugh Graham and Mary Allen. The ceremony was performed by Ebenezer Allen, Justice of the Peace, Nov. 27, 1788.

One early deed from Hugh Graham was dated April 23, 1794.

There are also records at South Hero of Aaron Graham, brother of Hugh. Aaron's wife is buried in the South Hero Cemetery near the Four Corners. But the two brothers probably left later for they are not buried there.

Some genealogists have thought that Aaron, Jenny and Betsy were children of Hugh Graham but tomb stone dates show that they were of the same generation. Island legend too, tells that they were brothers and sisters.

JOHN GRAHAM (OR GRIMES)

The following is another proof that Hugh and Aaron Graham were brothers of Jenny Graham.

"I remember of hearing my grandmother, Susan Lane Landon, speak of her uncles, Hugh Graham and Aaron Graham. They were the brothers of Jenny Graham who was the mother of Susan Lane. Jenny Graham married ..... Lane and they had a daughter Susan. Later Jenny married Issi Fletcher."

Signed: Adelaide S. Landon

Adelaide S. Landon is a daughter of Buel Landon and lives on the old Bird Landon farm at South Hero.

From State Papers of New Hampshire, Vol. XIV, Page 582.

Reports tell of ten pounds being paid to John Graham and others by Selectmen of Hillsborough, Aug. 8, 1776, for the "Volintears which tornd out of this Town for the Experdishion to Proverdance of Rodisland."

From State Papers of New Hampshire, Vol. XIV, Rev. Rolls, Vol. I, Page 566

"Pay Roll of Capt. James Gilmores Co. in Col. Jacob Gales Reg. of Vol., which regiment marched from the State of New Hampshire and joined the Continental Army on Rhode Island, Aug. 1778. Two days were added to the time in service for travel home after discharge at Rhode Island.

John Graham, private, entry Aug. 6, Dis. 28, 25 days.

Among those buried at the cemetery at South Hero are:

Jenny Graham Fletcher	d. 1800 aged 34
Betsy Graham Phelps	d. 1808 aged 32
Theodotia Pearl Graham	d. 1811 aged 35
Susan Lane Landon	1787-1875
Birdsey Landon	1787-1836
Issi Fletcher	d. 1837 aged 70
Silas Fletcher	d. 1829 aged 33
Margaret Fletcher Pixley	d. 1861 aged 63
David Pixley	d. 1866 aged 64
Helmer Kent	1786-1858
Harriet Kent	1824-1828
Warren Kent	1838-1847

DESCENDANTS OF JOHN GRAHAM

John Graham (or Grimes) b. about 1740. m. about 1763 Catherine ..... of Windom

Hugh 1764 m. 1788 Mary Allen

Jenny 1766-1800 m. 1st about 1786 ..... Lane

Susan 1787-1875 m. 1815 Birdsey (Bird) Landon 1787-1836

1. Janet 1816-1856
2. George 1817-1889
3. Anna 1819-1861
4. Buel 1821-1882
5. Cornelia 1823-1911
6. Milla 1825-1825
7. Thaddeus 1829-1890

m. 2nd about 1793 Issi Fletcher 1767-1837

1. Samantha 1794-1861 m. Helmer Kent 1786-1858
   1. Munson 1820-1868
   2. Harriet 1824-1828
   3. William 1827-1907
   4. Phebe Landon 1830-1915
   5. Juliet 1832-1875
   6. Margaret Fletcher 1835-1931
   7. Warren 1838-1847
2. Silas 1796-1829
3. Margaret 1798-1861 m. David Pixley 1802-1866
4. Ann Amelia m. Dr. Langdon
5. Graham m. Amy Allen

One child

Aaron m. Theodotia Pearl 1775 or 1776-1811

Elizabeth (Betsy) about 1776-1808 m. about 1795 Benajah Phelps 1774-1866

1. Hulda 1795- m. Horace Lampson
2. Lucy 1798- m. ..... Campbell
3. Nancy 1800- m. Guy Shepherd
4. John 1802- m. twice
5. Guy m. Lydia .....
6. Orange 1806-1875 m. Marie Phelps 1811-1882
7. Betsy 1807- m. Anderson

DESCENDANTS OF HELMER KENT

Helmer Kent 1786-1858
1st married Hannah Allen 1795-1816

1. Jane Ann 1814-1900 — m. Victor Adams 1808-1879
    1. George Benjamin — m. Harriet Haskill
        1. Lillian A. — m. Elmer Dean
            1. James — m. Marie Battit
        2. Edwin H. — m. Alice .....
            1. Donald — m. Ruby Helmer
            2. Dorothy — m. 1st Lee Graybeal 2nd Parker
            3. Edwin, Jr. — m. Gladys ..... Pugh
            4. Thomas
        3. Ruth — m. Ernest Burton
            1. Edwin — m. Florence Senn
        4. Laura Ethel
        2. Charles P.
        3. Eliza Jane — m. Norman Sage
            1. Frank — m. Jennie Blackhern
            2. Jeanne Grace — m. Dana Hotchkin
        4. William A.
        5. Henry Clay — m. Mary Shaw
            1. Kate — m. ..... Wagner
            2. Albert
            3. John
        6. Sophronia Mott — m. Thomas Wall
            1. Thomas R. — m. Adda Northrop 2nd Lou...
            2. Harry — m. Tessie Levy
        7. Hannah Augusta
        8. Victor — m. Marie Winstanley
            1. Jesse Eliot — m. Esther Sewall
            2. George Victor
            3. Charles Kent
            4. Robert
        9. Jennie Duncan
2. Helmer A. 1816-1816

DESCENDANTS OF JOHN GRAHAM

Helmer Kent 1786-1858
2nd married Samantha Fletcher 1794-1861

1. Munson 1820-1868 — m. 1st Hannah Merriam
   1. Died
   2. Died
   3. Edwin, Died
   4. Myra, Died
   5. Twin
   6. Twin Aurelia — m. Thomas Noon
      1. May, Died
      2. Juliet — m. Harry Heiserman
      3. James — m. 1st Grace Harris, 2nd. Elizabeth Herrick
         1. Robert
         2. Cyril
      4. Pearl — m. Frank Harding
         1. Floyd — m. Sally Stanton
      5. Jason — m. Irma Minnis
         1. Eldon — m. Mima Doty
         2. Hillis
         3. Minnis
      6. Gertrude — m. Lloyd Dickman
         1. Thelma
         2. Wilma
      7. Herbert
   — m. 2nd Marinda Young
2. Harriet 1824-1828
3. William 1827-1907 — m. Julia Ann Hoyt 1832-1918
   1. Gertrude — m. John Shaw
      1. Herbert, Died
      2. Muriel — m. Donald Whitehead
         Adopted 1. Beth
                 2. Lois
   2. Addison H. — m. Clara McCleary
   3. Carrie — m. John Blunt
   4. Hardy — m. Grace Tylor
      1. Karl Tylor — m. Frances . . . . . .
         1. Katherine Phyllis
      2. Phyllis — m. Arthur Lamb
   5. Herbert A. — m. Mary Wright
      1. Frances Wright, Died
      2. Florence Knight
   6. Cora A.

4. Phebe Landon 1830-1915 — m. Winslow Stearns 1824-1889
   1. Orville Wheeler — m. Anna Payne
      1. Ethel — m. J. M. Powell
         1. Aleta Belle
         2. Gwanmar
         3. Haddasah — m. ..... Smith
         4. Freda — m. ..... Pittack
         5. Eugenia — m. ..... Bayden
            1. Nancy Jane
      2. Kittie — m. Lewis Folsom
         1. Mary Dale
   2. Aurelia
   3. Eugenia Phebe — m. Joshua Davis
      1. Bessie — m. John Butler
         1. Eyvan
         2. Hubert
         3. Gerald
      2. Gertrude — m. James Bittle
      3. Kenneth — m. Dorothy Drew

5. Juliet 1832-1875 — m. Hiram B. Hoyt 1830-1906
   1. Pruella Samantha — m. Ed. Sears
      1. Edith — m. Alfred T. Egan
      2. Florence — m. Stanley Wade
         1. Charlotte
         2. Phyllis
         3. Edward
         4. Florence (Peggy)
         5. William (Billy)
   2. Florence — m. Joseph Andrews
      1. Edna Hoyt — m. 1st Wm. T. Schlupp
         1. Josephine Andrews
         2nd E. M. Burke
   3. Fred Elbert — m. Margaret Smith
      1. Fred H. — m. Julia Gilroy
      2. Agnes Bassett — m. Walter Parker
      3. Philip Andrews — m. Rose Konigsmark
      4. Charles Eugene — m. Betty North

6. Margaret Fletcher 1835-1931 m. Jason Lee Paine 1838-1912
    1. Edward Kent, Died
    2. Charles Fawcett m. Clara Margaret Brown
        1. Lucy Miriam m. Jasper M. Collins
            1. Kathryn Elaine
        2. Samuel Collins m. Ruth Evans
            1. Lee Alfred
        3. Esther Margaret m. Lewis Austin
            1. Esther Ann
        4. Edward Lee
    3. Amy Leigh
    4. Louie Belle m. George Blagg
        1. Amy Elizabeth
        2. John Creighton Lee
    5. Margaret E.

7. Warren 1838-1847

25 1933

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